THE

HISTORY,

&c. &c.

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HISTORY

OF

MR. JOHN DECASTRO

AND HIS

BROTHER BAT,

COMMONLY CALLED

OLD CRAB.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

THE MERRY MATTER WRITTEN BY JOHN MATHERS;
THE GRAVE BY A SOLID GENTLEMAN.

VOL. III.

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HISTORY, &c.



CHAPTER I.

Mr. and Mrs. George Grove return to Hindermark from Bath—News arrives at Oaken Grove of George Grove and Lady Charlotte's Marriage—the Countess of Budemere and Lady Charlotte's Arrival at the Castle—Lady Charlotte falls in Love with Harry Lamsbroke.

THE right honourable the Earl of Budemere was now left in no very pleasant situation;—the day was at hand for the payment of twenty thousand pounds to the poor parson, and the day was likewise at hand for the payment of ten thousand pounds to the colonel, but the day was not at hand which was to put the ready money into his lordship's hand to make

good

good the said payments in hand. The first thing he did, was to consult Petticraft on the business, who, cunning as he was, could not put his lordship in any way to pay thirty thousand pounds without money. There was but a fortnight to come for the colonel, and a week for the parson; upon which, feeling himself in a dilemma, after consulting the lawyer, his lordship consulted his heels, and ran away from Bath to attend, as he said, a call of the House. Two lucky things happened, however; an old incumbent died about this time, and gave his lordship an opportunity of presenting the poor parson to a living of five hundred pounds a-year, which the old gentleman, after a little pause, was wise enough to accept, finding nothing else was to be had. The other fortunate event was that the colonel died of a fever, which rubbed the rest of the chalk off the wall. Instead, however, of attending to the calls of the House, Lord Bude-

mere

mere packed up his matters and left the kingdom to shift for itself; or, in other words, finding no good to be done in it he ran out of it, and visited foreign parts: some of his reasons for so doing are, perhaps, not quite unintelligible.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove packed up George and brought him back to Hindermark without speaking a loud word, and, though George expressed his astonishment by asking one thousand six hundred and fifty-seven questions touching one head, viz. how he came not to be married to Lady Charlotte Orby, he got nothing for his pains but this short sentence—George, you may go and marry your milkmaid if you will, for, before I will call Budemere "brother," I will see him at the devil!—these words were uttered in the breakfast-parlour at Hindermark, at three and forty minutes after nine o'clock in the morning, as loud as Mr. Grove could roar for his heart:

Mrs. Opossum, the housekeeper, being great with child, and opening the said breakfast-parlour door with a bill of fare in her hand, was so alarmed at hearing such an unusual sound proceed from the mouth of Mr. Grove, that she fell in travail and came at seven months with three children. " 'Sume my body!" quoth Old Comical, " if Mr. Grove had spoken another loud word, if all the children hadn't run out of the world back again as fast as they came into it!"

After his lordship's departure the Countess of Budemere took it into her head that she would not stay any longer in Bath by herself, and, whether pricked by curiosity to ask the reason why Mr. Grove had spoiled the wedding, or because she had a mind to get as far from Bath as possible, or because her landlord would not trust any longer for his rent, or because she had got the fidgets, or for all these reasons put together, she ordered four post-horses

to

to be put to her carriage, took Lady Charlotte with her, and made the best of her way to Oaken Grove, where she arrived without meeting with any accident worth recording in this our history, except drinking a gill of fine Cogniac on the road for a cruel fit of the colic, which, being a noble medicine for the wind, gave her ladyship instant relief.

Matters at Oaken Grove stood in a row as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Decastro were in good health at the castle, though not quite so young as they were, reader, when we last parted from them: Acerbus, the philosopher, was come home, as aforesaid, for the vacation had commenced, and had brought with him his cousin, Harry Lamsbroke, a brother Oxonian, and very intimate friend; of whom, if we have not already spoken, we shall soon say a great deal. News had come to the castle that Frederick had left England, but what part of the globe was enlightened by his

countenance no astronomer could tell at that time. Old Crab and his wife jogged on at the farm as usual, but poor Julia's forlorn state hung like a black cloud upon their house. Old Comical had got possession of his five thousand pounds by the help of Old Crab, left him in his father's will, and was just returned from a visit to Cock-a-doodle, where he left his brother, the squire, in a very ill state of health; his laughing fits had been more frequent and violent of late, and weakened him a great deal. The love-sick Julia resided altogether at the castle with her cousin Genevieve, who nursed her with the affection of a sister, visited at times by Doctor Grosvenor, a very worthy physician, who, out of gratitude for a good turn done him by Old Crab, paid his visits without being paid, and gave his directions without taking any fees; it was, he said, the most extraordinary case of attachment that had ever come within his know-

ledge,

ledge, and was of opinion that it would end fatally unless the object of her affections could be obtained for her; he was sorry to say that she gradually grew worse, and though the steps by which she was descending were very slow, she still continued to descend, and, if some relief were not speedily to be had, she must come to the ground: gentlemen of his profession out of tenderness, perhaps, were too apt to conceal these things, he felt it, however, to be his duty to give notice in these cases, and conceived that the force of a blow might be in some degree broken by its being foreseen. Old Crab received this intelligence with his usual fortitude: "Look you, doctor," said he, "I look upon my poor wench as already lost, and I never looked upon her as any other than a thing that might be; he that reckons upon a thing as out of danger because he sees no danger is a fool: there is a parting clause, doctor, in the

conditions upon which we receive every thing on earth, he, therefore, that falls out with the lease by which he holds things here, is an ass.—God's will be done!"—The Doctor saw a drop of water upon Old Crab's face, but took no notice of it. Let it not be thought that because Genevieve was never at rest when Julia was out of her sight, or, indeed, when she was in it, that she was at all neglected by others, though the overwhelming violence of Genevieve seemed to drown all other affections, her father and mother paid her every attention, Mr. and Mrs. Decastro shewed her every care, Acerbus, the philosopher, would sit and read in her room, Harry Lamsbroke could scarce speak to her without tears in his eyes, and Old Comical, who ran on all her errands between the farm and the castle, said Lady Charlotte deserved to die an old maid with nothing but a tom cat for her husband, for robbing his young mistress of her

sweetheart: thus stood matters at Oaken Grove at this time.

By a rule of precedence, a lie, as it is fitting, goes first, and truth follows after: one came, and a great one too, with speed, to wit, that the ceremony was over, and Lady Charlotte and George Grove were married; a friend had writ to the butler at the castle to say, that he had been present, and saw them married with his own eyes. Alas! this news soon reached poor Julia's ears, which, indeed, had this comfort in it, that she was sure matters could now be no worse, and to know the worst of a thing may be the best part of bad news: she said she had long been prepared to hear it, but she thought that her sorrows would be short: it grieved her, however, to think that she had borne her trial so peevishly; she loved Lady Charlotte, she said, and wished her happy; she would have been glad if her unfortunate attachment could have been kept a se-

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cret, she had been a weak girl, and hoped for the excuse of all. On the other hand, this news put Genevieve into a rage, she had expected, if Lady Charlotte were sincere in her friendship for the beautiful milk-maid, that she would have broken the match by some slight of hand; she had, indeed, some hope in this, and upon this ground she had stood, but this news pushed her off, and she fell into despair; she left Julia's apartment, where she was sitting at the time it came—brought in by an officious maid-servant, who thought the best thing she could do was to tell the worst news, and ran out into the park to give vent to the storm within her: now it came to pass as she was pacing about, weeping, talking to herself, striking her forehead, and raving like one out of her senses, at a sudden turn she bounced against Lady Charlotte, who had taken it into her head to get out of the carriage and walk up the hill

from

from the ferry towards the castle. She stared, at first, like one who had a mind to disbelieve her own eyes, and taking a step or two back, as if Lady Charlotte was too near to be seen,—"So!" exclaimed she, "your ladyship is married, I hear!" "No," said she, "my ladyship is not married, there's no such good news." "Not married!" said Genevieve, if raving can be called speaking. "Not married, I say," replied Lady Charlotte. "Why," said Genevieve, "a man has sent a letter from Bath to say that he saw you married with his own eyes! —What d'ye think of that, my lady?" —"Why," said she, "I think that there is certainly one man in Bath who can tell a lie to keep up the credit of the place." "Your ladyship may be an instance that a lie can be told out of Bath as well as in it—Your ladyship's fine feelings may prompt you to deceive us out of mere tenderness, perhaps—" and here she stopt to pant,

for she was half choked with passion. "My ladyship has no such meaning," said Lady Charlotte; "fine feelings, indeed! better have no feelings at all than feel as I feel! I wish all sorts of feelings were at the deuse! fine feelings! I was carried to church as a bride, and brought back a great fool! What have they done with Mr. George Grove?" "Done with George Grove!" said Genevieve; "why, they took him to Bath to be married to your ladyship—and married you are, put what face you please upon it, madam." "Married!" said Lady Charlotte; "for a poor girl to be hoaxed in this manner were enough to drive her mad! married, indeed! I have been hoaxed, and fooled, and laughed at—any thing but married! I am no bear, you need not be afraid I should bite you!" "Is it possible!" said Genevieve; "how can this be?" "I wish it had been impossible," said her ladyship; "but any thing is possible, I think, when I am

to

to be made a fool of! this has been a pretty farce! fine fun at Bath for every body but myself!—One joke would not serve it seems—we were all dressed out and ready to go to church, in came you, and snapt up the bridegroom, and all the folks laughed: we had all got into church the next time, when in comes another hawk and snapt up my bird a second time from under the very wings of the parson!" While they were talking, George Grove came upon them unobserved, and touching Lady Charlotte on the shoulder, asked her how she did after her journey?—This was another electric stroke, and it made her ladyship jump.—"Why, Mr. Grove," said Genevieve, "Charlotte, here, says you are not married!" "And she says truly," quoth he, "we are not married, nor very like to be, for my father has given me leave to visit Julia, and tells me that I may follow

my head, if I will, and marry her if I please, for he has had enough of lords and ladies." Upon hearing this, Genevieve, scarce knowing what she did, catched George round the neck and actually kissed him for joy! The countess now came up, took them all into her carriage, and drove away to the castle-gates: as soon as George Grove got into the carriage, the countess, as might well be expected, asked him what was come to his father? and what in the world had led him to do such a thing as he had done? George told her that he knew no more than she did, which certainly was not quite the sort of answer to satisfy the countess's curiosity, who might as well, indeed, be kept in the dark.—Mr. Grove of Hindermark was a very close man; Lady Charlotte was close also, and so far might have come very well into his family, for how he came by his intelligence he never knew, Lady

dy Charlotte kept all her discoveries to herself: she was a very comical girl. None, however, can blame her for keeping her father's secrets.

CHAPTER II.

Some Account of a curious Charm—a Kiss, and a very sweet one too.

Some wise folks say people soon get tired of things; other wise folks say that the more a man uses himself to a thing the more he likes it: now it seems to us that wise folks take a pleasure in turning plain people's heads round upon their shoulders by contradicting one another to make sport of others: a fine use to put wisdom to! but let it pass.—We very well know that in Mr. Decastro's case the more he lived in retirement the better he liked it, and had now come to such a pass as to shut his doors against every body but a few very old friends and relations: a carriage, therefore, driving to his gates always put him in the fidgets till he knew what it brought: the

the Countess of Budemere's was now come, when he, seeing the well-known coronet upon its pannels, instantly came forth to welcome his sister and his niece: but the unexpected news which they brought with them surprised him and Mrs. Decastro not a little. The countess very well accounted for her lord by saying that he was forced to leave Bath suddenly to attend public business, and she expected soon to hear that he was coming to them at the castle.

Genevieve, who itched from head to foot to get at Julia, and to tell her the good news, was stopped at the bottom of the stairs, very luckily, by Doctor Grosvenor, with George Grove in her hand, who were going with very little prudence to overwhelm the poor girl, or, in other words, to kill her with kindness. "Stop this moment," said the doctor; "this matter must be broken to her by little and little; you mean well I well know; but we may

mean well, and, at the same time, do a great deal of mischief: return, both of you, to the saloon, this moment: I will go and prepare my pretty patient for the pleasure which would be too exquisite to be borne by one in her situation; it must be dosed out by small quantities, and not given all at once, for thus the best medicines would become poisons." Upon which prudent advice Genevieve and George returned to the company in the saloon, and the doctor to Julia, whom he had just visited. How came the doctor to know their errand? Why, Mr. Inquisitive, Genevieve told it him as fast as she could get the words out of her mouth, and she had a pretty ready utterance, if her passions did not get in her throat and choke her. Upon the doctor's re-entrance into Julia's apartment, "What are you come back for, Dr. Grosvenor?" said Julia, "and pray, what carriage was that which just now came to the house?" "O," said

said the doctor, " a carriage which you are very well acquainted with, no new thing. I think your pulse is a little quicker to-day, have you had any thing to disturb you?" " Did nobody tell you what I have heard this morning? the news from Bath I mean?"— " Yes," said he, " I have been told, but not told that you had been told it, I could feel it in your pulse, however, a little too plainly." " Indeed, Dr. Grosvenor," said she, " I think it is better for me to know it—it put me into a little flutter at first, but it was soon over." The doctor then made some minute inquiries as to the particular manner in which she found herself affected by this intelligence, and was better satisfied than he expected to be by her answers, and said, he did not think she was so strong, but was glad to be mistaken for some reasons which he would explain presently. " I think I do feel a little stronger to-day," said she, " I know not why: but

pray,

pray, Dr. Grosvenor, what have you got to say to me?" "Why," said he, "I have a little experiment to try, and am waiting for a good day; it is a little charm—you smile, but I am sure it will cure you if you can rally spirits enough to bear it—it is a certain cure for the heart-ache; and what is a little odd, it is a more certain cure for your heart-ache than any other heart-ache, but yet it will cure every heart that aches because your heart aches, at the same time." "O my dear Doctor Grosvenor," said Julia, looking earnestly in the old gentleman's face, "this is something to amuse me."—"Yes," said he, "it will amuse you very much indeed, so much that I am only afraid that you will not be able to bear the pleasure of it, it will be so great, and therefore I would not try the experiment of it without coming first to break with you upon it, and to prepare you for the greatest pleasure that you ever felt in your life." "This

charm,"

charm," said she, " is the strangest of any that I ever heard of, and I know of a hundred for various things; there are charms for good luck, and charms for the tooth-ache, and charms for the ague, and charms to get a sweetheart, and, heigh-ho, charms to find one that is lost—O Doctor Grosvenor! I blush to think so many know the cause of my illness! I am afraid folks will think I am come to a sad pitch of confidence." " My dear pretty patient," said the old man, taking Julia's hand kindly between his own, " let this no longer disturb you; there is no harm in an affection like yours, the harm excepted which it does yourself; but if you can find spirits to bear the experiment I am sure that I now know a charm, for I will still call it so, which I am sure will cure you." " You have a strange earnestness in your manner," said she, " which surprises me, I really thought you in jest, but you seem to be in earnest—pray tell me what this

charm

charm is?" "Why," said he, "it must be wrought by a young person of my acquaintance, but the danger is this, that he is so like Mr. George Grove that I was tender of bringing him into your presence without preparing you; we must, at all events, put some crape on his face, for no man was ever so much like another on earth as he is to him: he will come in with a little medicine in his hand, which you must first take to prepare you for the charm, which will come next." Julia looked steadfastly in the doctor's face, which bore a sign of much gravity, and said, "What you tell me is very strange, but still I cannot but think you mean only to amuse me; this young person will come and bring a medicine?" "He will." "Let him come then," said Julia, "I don't think I shall mind seeing him; will he come to-day?" "He is in the house at this moment," said the doctor, "and your cousin, Miss De Roma, was coming

with

with him in great haste, but I forbade her, lest you should be too much disturbed on the sudden, and told her to stay a little until I had prepared matters." "Surely," said Julia, "you have all too much tenderness to put a trick upon me, I am sure my dearest Jenny would not do such a thing for the world; if any ill was to happen to me I am sure it would break her kind heart: she was coming with him, I think you said? can't she be in the room all the while?" "I can't tell you why," said the doctor, "but you had much rather be alone with him; besides, it will make the charm the stronger." "Bless me! this is very odd," said she, "but I hope he will not take any liberties with me?" "Not one more than you would have him take—I will now introduce him," said the doctor, going away. "O Doctor Grosvenor," exclaimed Julia, "pray don't go yet—my heart fails me—I don't know what to think of this—Jenny's

ny's old nurse told me one day at the cottage, that you medical folks have twenty tricks to amuse people before you perform the most terrible operations :—I will not consent to any operation till I have seen my papa and asked his leave and advice; you have got great knives in your pocket, and this man will come to help hold me; I am terrified to death at the thought of what you will do to me!" "My dear child," said the doctor, "I have no knives, put your hands into my pockets if you will, and as to surgical operations none can possibly be required in your case; you mistake the matter; what will be done will give you the greatest pleasure but no pain, if excess of pleasure be no pain: besides, how can I perform any operation when I tell you that I shall not be in the room? shall I bring the young man to you?" "This is very strange—well—let Jenny bring him and be with me, you said she was coming with him at

first

first when you stopped her." "We will both bring him, and stand within call here in the next room; I assure you you had rather have the young person alone with you: shall I go now?"— "Well, go then," said she, "if it will give me so much pleasure I shall not mind that." The doctor then went, and presently returned with George Grove and Genevieve. He took his stand at the door, and Genevieve came up to Julia, with a face full of joy, leading George with his face craped, and placing him close to her chair, gave Julia a lively smile and left the room with Doctor Grosvenor. As soon as they were gone, George felt about with his hand for Julia as if he did not know whereabout she was:— "Here I am, sir," said she, "on this side of you;" and she arose from her chair as if to be ready to run away if he should attempt any thing. George held a glass of wine in his hand, which he presented, and said, in a whisper,

she must drink it, for it was the medicine. She took it, and sipped, but seemed afraid to drink it off. "It tastes like wine," said she; "is the medicine put into wine, sir?" "It is," said he, still whispering. "What will it do, sir? I am afraid to drink it." "It will only prepare you for the charm," whispered George. She then drank it off at twice drinking, for it was a large glass. "Have you drank the medicine?" said he. She said she had drank it all: upon which he took a piece of paper out of his pocket, and said it contained the first part of the charm, which was now to come: upon which he took his watch and bade her look until one minute were passed, for till then the paper was not to be opened. She took the watch, and looking at it said, "Good heaven! why, this is Mr. George Grove's watch, and here is the very seal which I gave him! How came you by this watch, sir?" "It is my own," said he; "but watch the

time: the medicine begins to work, I see, by your mistaking my watch for another's." "I am sure I have made no mistake," continued she, opening the watch, "for here is the little watch case woven by my own hands and formed of my own hair and my name twisted into it!" "All is well," said he, "the medicine works well: it must now be time for the second part of the charm;" upon which he opened the paper and took out of it the miniature picture which he had taken out of her hand when she fainted at the cottage, and said, "this little amulet must be put round your neck and the miniature be dropped into your bosom." Julia started at the sight of the picture, which she had lost not knowing how, and said, "This is my picture which Mr. George Grove gave me to keep for his sake; by what means on earth came you by this miniature?" George then took off one of his gloves, and Julia instantly exclaimed, "I can swear to

that ring, and to that little knot of hair, for I tied the knot with my own fingers and put it into the ring myself: those diamonds I have seen a hundred times, and was told by Mr. Grove himself that they cost fifty guineas;—who have I with me? by what unfair means came you by these things?—stay—one moment—hold out your hand, sir; why, how can this be, you must have robbed Mr. Grove of his finger too, for here are the marks in it where his pointer bit him!" upon which Julia took a step or two back and stared eagerly at George, when he took her attention off his person by unfolding another paper, on which were written the words of the charm, he told her, and holding it up Julia read the following inscription, 'George has leave to wed his Julia.' "Cruel, cruel, deception," exclaimed she, "who can make me amends for this inhuman usage!" "It is I," exclaimed George in a loud voice, "it is I alone that can

make

make you amends! O my love, my love, we meet to part no more!" saying which George fondly clasped his sweet milk-maid in his arms and sealed the glad tidings upon Julia's lips.—Doctor Grosvenor and Genevieve then came into the room, and the doctor, taking George by the arm, said, "Come, sir, you have administered the medicine and performed the charm, you must depart this moment;" saying which the doctor took George away, and left Julia and Genevieve to have a little talk by themselves.

CHAPTER III.

The salutary Effects of the Charm—Lord George E. and Sir Harry St. Clair renew their Addresses to Lady Charlotte Orby—Lady Charlotte and Harry Lamsbroke fall in Love, and Genevieve gets deeper in it.

As soon as Doctor Grosvenor and George Grove had left the room, the doctor, for some reason best known to a medical man perhaps, conceiving it prudent, in his wisdom, to keep the lovers upon spare diet a little at first, lest they should get too many sweet things and make themselves sick, Genevieve's tongue ran like a post-horse, and never stopt till she had explained all the matters to Julia, telling her, amongst other things, that George's father had taken great offence at Lord Budemere upon some discovery which he had made, had broken off the intended match with his daugh-

ter,

ter, and told George to go and get a wife for himself if he knew where to find one, for he was come to a determination to be no farther hindrance to him, he might marry the parson's daughter if he pleased, and if she pleased to have him, and her friends made no objection.—But having much other matter pressing upon us, suffice it to say that the effects of the charm, as the doctor foretold, became very visible in the countenance and constitution of the beautiful milk-maid, who soon recovered all she had lost, except her heart, and that gave her no trouble while George Grove had the keeping of it; we will leave them now to visit their pretty arbour, and retrace their favourite walks in the meadows, and the groves, where they used to meet, and where they made their interchange of hearts; while Old Crab, who told Mr. Grove that he would marry his wench in his own way, puts up the banns three Sundays in his church,

and all the pretty things are got ready for their nuptials.

The Countess of Budemere took the first opportunity to question Mr. Grove upon his very mysterious and extraordinary conduct at Bath: her ladyship might question, but to get Mr. Grove to answer was no such easy matter; he whispered it in her ear that the fewer questions were answered the better ask as many as she would; he was glad to find what Lord Budemere was in time; to know a man and to find out what he was were two things; he now both knew his lordship and had found him out to be a great ——. The countess had pretty shrewd suspicions of his lordship's merits, and the light which she now received from Mr. Grove, cast a sun-beam on their beauties: in a word, she saw that the less she said the better, and she saw with the eyes of a very wise woman: she heard Mr. Grove just whisper a very ugly word, and she was

not

not quite sure if it was not "scoundrel," Mr. Grove, however, had drawn his nose out of her ladyship's ear, a place where he usually put it when he talked to people, when he uttered this melodious whisper.—Soon after a letter came to say that his lordship was gone into Italy: this letter was written to Old Crab, who was still engaged in his affairs, and he had an Augæan stable to cleanse; but the less we say on this subject the better, if for this reason only that Old Crab was never more angry than when any talked about his merits and services, except when a man offered to reward them. A living given to one who was, to all appearance, quite a stranger to the family, might well be expected to excite some suspicion in a man of Old Crab's shrewdness; by the by it had been promised him by Lord Budemere for the troubles he had taken in his matters, but Old Crab told his lordship he might get another to do the business

if he had a mind to pay for it; and that the devil had more livings in his gift already than his share came to: we say this thing excited Old Crab's suspicions, and he soon found out what obligations Lord Budemere was under to the family of the Reverend Mr. F. It may be some gratification to the reader to hear that poor Mrs. Morris was soon after married to a very worthy young-clergyman, and met the reward her virtues deserved in a good husband; this thing was managed by Lady Charlotte Orby, but that lady, like the ink-fish, so darkened the waters, that we could never fish out any more of the story: Mrs. Morris lost the two children which she had by Lord Budemere, by the small-pox. To return to Lady Charlotte: it was no easy matter to know what her real sentiments were in any matter, and people never knew less of the truth than when she spoke it, for it always looked like a trick; she certainly was

in love with George Grove, we do not affirm this because she said so, but ground our assertions upon what her husband told us, whom we really believe to be the only person whom she never once deceived. "My love," said she to him in one of her fond moments, "you are the only person who ever had all my heart; I loved George Grove, it is true, but not entirely, because another had his heart, whom I loved, and upon whose account alone I resigned him; this thing cost me many a tear in private, which tears never ceased to flow until you came and took full possession of me and all my furniture." It was a very singular thing, but Lady Charlotte was never at any loss for an escape come upon her when one would, for she always told the truth and so managed matters as never to get believed but when she did not, so this way she could not be at any time at any loss for an answer. One day she had retired to her apart-

ment, and had forgot to lock her door, and she seldom went into it without locking it, when Genevieve bounced in upon her all on a sudden and found her ladyship in tears. "My dear Charlotte," said she in her eager manner, "what is the matter with you?" "I am crying because Julia has taken George Grove away from me," said she. Now nothing could be more true but at the same time less believed. "You are one of the oddest girls, Charlotte," said Genevieve, "but if you will trust nobody you go the way never to have a friend, but I love you, you toad, with all your oddities, nay, I believe a good deal for them," added she, leaving the print of her lips on Lady Charlotte's wet cheek, for when Genevieve kissed it was always with fury. "You are too shrewdly suspected," said Genevieve, "to have broken off this match for me ever to believe that you are in love with George, but how you have contrived

to

to throw every thing into such confusion I suppose we shall never know; but the more I suspect you to have done it the more I love you for our sweet cousin's sake—yes, and your own too:—my dear Charlotte, tell me how you did it?—You cunning little puss, I'll squeeze the breath out of your body."—Lady Charlotte squalled out, for Genevieve laid hold of her like the boa constrictor, and made her ladyship's bones crack. "What can you be so sad about, Charlotte?" said she, wiping her eyes, for Genevieve had a soft bosom and felt another's sorrows like her own. "Now this affair is at an end," said her ladyship, "I have been plagued with letters and visits again both from Lord George, and Sir Harry St. Clair, who are determined to try again for me, but I hate them both, and would sooner marry one of George Grove's old boots than have either!"

Reader, did we ever say any thing

to

to you about one Sir John Lamsbroke, of Lamsbroke Park, who married one of Mr. Decastro's sisters? we have got a delicious love story to tell about his son Harry—it is as sweet as sugar sweetened with honey—yes, indeed it is, and we will tell it you now directly —that is, we will begin to tell it you, it must not come all at once, for then you will not taste it half; people are apt to gape and swallow in such a devilish hurry when they get a rich thing in their mouths that they give themselves no time in the world to relish it—gulp and swallow is all they think of! Eager as you may be, fair reader, we will take care that you do not make yourself sick—but not to keep your pretty mouth watering—Harry Lamsbroke, a beautiful youth—too handsome for a man and for a woman too, as some cross toads may think who are always the less pleased the more beauty they see in their own sex—adrabbit them they deserve to

be

be well whipped, don't they?—yes, too handsome, as we were a-saying, for a man; but he had his faults, he had very bad nails on his fingers and his toes too, O Momus! we must name some faults, and so here are twenty, for he had ten fingers and ten toes, and every one of them had a bad nail on it, and so he had twenty faults, and that is enough for any body—Acerbus and George Grove loved him, nevertheless, with all his faults; they were all school-fellows and brother collegians, but this was the first time he had been at the castle since he was a little boy, and he was come to visit his two friends, George Grove and the Philosopher. Now it came to pass that Lady Charlotte was taking one of her solitary walks towards the ferry, when, at a sudden turn, in a by-path, she saw a man's leg lie upon the ground! She was going to be frightened at it; for she thought, at first, it had been cut off and thrown under the

bush;

bush, and that would have been a very terrible thing; she took heart, however, to peep round the bush, and there she saw one of the most beautiful young men she had ever seen in her life fast asleep under a hawthorn! She started back at first ten paces when she saw nothing but the leg again, which was slender but very prettily made—she stood still and admired it, it was in a beautiful silk stocking, and its veins, being a little swelled from the knee being bent, appeared through: she saw a great fly presently settle upon one of the veins, and darting its proboscis into it brought a spot of blood upon the white stocking: it pierced her tender bosom to see such cruelty, she went a little nearer, and with her soft fingers took the greedy fly by its wings without disturbing the sleeping youth—pretty bosom! soon to be worse pierced!—Grown bold, she stood in silent admiration at so much beauty: the best thing she could have

done

done would have been to shut her eyes: what business had she to stand staring at a handsome young man fast asleep?—it was as good as to say that she liked to look at him, and that was very shocking—but his eyes were shut—this shows what impudent things the ladies will do when nobody sees them! sad husseys! more shame for them: liked to look at him! aye, if it had been a great snake asleep under a bush she would have made the best use of her legs, but as it was her legs were as quiet as if they had been made of white marble: what could ail her? what make her creep round the bush and poke out her nose just over Harry's face, for it was Harry Lamsbroke that lay asleep there? she could not want to meddle with any thing? some ladies, they say, are thieves in their hearts, and will steal other people's goods if they can fairly get off with them: it is enough to turn a man grey to think what a devil of a thing temptation is!

Now

Now Lady Charlotte was vastly fond of cherries, and Harry's lips looked so like two ripe ones that grew close together that any one might be excused for making such a mistake—Good heavens! he started up! she dashed away unseen—what in the world did she do?—Hush.—Well! very well! now, pray, reader, what is it that you have got in your wicked pate?—You think, and be hanged, that Lady Charlotte kissed the young gentleman as he lay fast asleep, and gave him such a twinge as made him jump.—If she had touched him with her lips she would have stung him to death, for the poison had sunk into his heart and killed him outright; but he lived a great many years after this, which is some sort of proof that Lady Charlotte did not kiss him to death: but people's imaginations are so full of combustibles that the smallest spark sets all on fire—and then a writer is blamed for blowing folks up! What is the

world made of? One's horses heels will strike fire as one trots along sometimes, and if the world is made of gunpowder, why, a kick against a flint may play the devil! If people must needs throw the reins upon the neck of the imagination there will be no end of it: a man standing between two gate posts may excite shocking thoughts, and the ladies find out a thousand indecencies in a pincushion.

If Lady Charlotte had kissed the young gentleman as he lay asleep, the manner in which young ladies are bred in the best schools taken into due consideration, there had been no sort of wonder in that; are not professors paid on purpose to make young ladies impudent? are fathers and mothers, and guardians, to pay their money for nothing? besides, if kissing is left off what will the world come to? and the ladies are making more room every day for it; nothing could be got at once upon a time but a lady's face, and only

only one man could kiss a woman at a time; but now-a-days, what with bare necks and naked shoulders, ten men may kiss before and twenty behind and not go over half the ground neither! Lord! what fun there is in the world! when a lady is muffled up to the throat she calls herself undressed, and when she is full dressed she has scarce a rag to cover her! Well, a man cannot see too much of his bargain before he comes to make his purchase, certainly, and if a man gets a bad neck or a bad shoulder, to go no further, the fault is none of the women's; so that whatever is said of the ladies' naked quarters, they deal in their meat at least as fairly as the butcher, who has the face to show, in open shop, necks and breasts, legs and shoulders, ribs, loins, rumps, and the devil knows what, and thinks no more of blushing about the matter, than the ladies—Impudent dogs! but they will stick at nothing to raise people's

appetites,

appetites, that's the truth of it. A butcher's shop is an offence to national chastity, the thing should come under cognizance of the legislature, and a butcher show a buttock of beef or a sheep's tail at his peril: if folks want to buy they may go into the house and take a modest peep under a cloth; what will this world come to!—But to return to Harry Lamsbroke: he had not seen an inch of Lady Charlotte's skin because his eyes were shut, which will not pass with some, perhaps, for a good reason, they must e'en rest contented, however, for we cannot, at present, give any better. Well, but Lady Charlotte's eyes were open, and she thought him the most sweet young man she had ever seen in her life, but her heart was so full of George Grove at present, that she could scarce think of any other; but Harry and she had not been many days together at the castle before he paid her some little atten-

tions

tions which could not be mistaken by her ladyship, though not much attended to by others: these little attentions were as sweet as sugar to her, and she soon began to smack her pretty lips at them. Well, well, one of her ladyship's lips might kiss the other, and no harm surely, but the world is so outrageously modest!—this is a very warm subject—we will speak a word or two of Lady Budemere, to let it cool a little;—in regard to her husband's leaving her to take care of the kingdom of England single-handed, she cared no more than if a fish as big as his lordship had left England in a basket—no not she—that harum-starum, rantum-scantum, hand-over-head, hey-go-mad business called matrimony had been hatched between them by friends, as they are called, who set the cat at the dog and the dog at the cat, and call it wedding and be hanged—she never loved her lord, or he his lady, the devil took Cupid's place between them; it had been a

match bought ready made for them, and fitted neither one nor the other—a man might as well go into rag fair, and cry "Hollo," for the first pair of breeches with one of the holsters forty times as big as the other, and the seat hitched up on the right side five and twenty miles above the left, and expect all matters to sit as flush and come as close as if the profile of his rump had been taken with mathematical instruments!—Such a pair, we mean man and wife, not a pair of breeches, such a pair was never stitched together as Lord and Lady Budemere; love, their friends told them, would come after marriage! a fool's-head come after marriage, saving your reverence—one no more cared how soon the other's neck were broken than the hangman: albeit, save a little slip, Lady Budemere was a very virtuous woman, aye, save as before saved, as any on the universal earth: Mrs. Decastro and she lived in the bonds

of

of friendship, the kind tears which the countess shed long ago in the pork and butter shop, stuck Mrs. Decastro and the countess together like mortar between two bricks in a wall. Now it came to pass, as things are apt to do when they happen in the world, that Lady Charlotte had two lovers besides her sweet Harry—and no lady's little mouth ever watered so much for a nice ripe strawberry—and these gallants were Lord George and Sir Harry St. Clair, as hath been said, or will be, and that is the same thing—now her mother—how the old cats teach their young kittens things!—now her mother wanted to teach her ladyship to fall in love with one of them, since George Grove had run back to his pretty milk-maid, but she told her mamma that she had just fallen in love with Harry Lamsbroke; however, if either of them could win her over she would marry him as fast as the fastest reading parson of them all could give

them

them a right to one another's persons; entreating her mother at the same time not to set her heart upon either, for she never had been so much in love with any one in her life as with Harry Lamsbroke: now this was very true, but her mamma did not believe it for all that, because, if it had been true, she thought it of all things the least likely that Lady Charlotte should declare what man had her heart.—Harry, who was nick-named the Angel at Oxford upon account of his singular beauty, was so very modest that he teazed poor Lady Charlotte sadly, and put her to the expense of a thousand kittenish tricks to make him understand her; he was very much like George Grove in his manner, but had too much bashfulness, one would have thought, to have seized such furious hold upon a lady's heart; the foolish thing was always a-blushing, and it sometimes made Lady Charlotte blush because she could not blush as often

as Harry blushed, or because a blush made her Harry look so pretty. Genevieve told him one day, binding a cord of pearls round his flaxen head which she took off her own black pate, that she would put him into petticoats and see what a pretty girl he would make. "Look, Charlotte," said she, "his beard won't be seen at a little distance; for it is more like the down upon a peach than a beard—see how pretty he looks in pearls!" To Harry's face the living crimson flew, for he felt a little indignant at being made the ladies' plaything. Adszooks! it would have made a man laugh to see how fond Lady Charlotte and Genevieve grew all on a sudden of walking to and fro before the ——Ahey! how is all this? a blank page! why, we thought we had written the four sides of the sheet out!—We must let thee into the secret, reader:—we had four pages to stitch in at this place in the room of four which had been blotted

out,

out, now we had written three of the said pages, and had got it in our head that we had written all four, and so began to tack all together with the beginning of the sentence which was to dove-tail this page in with the next, as the joiners talk; when, lo, upon turning over the leaf we found that we had a whole page to write!—so we thought it good to tell thee this story, reader, to help us on with it.—It is not every tailor that can put in a patch well, he must needs be a master of his needle who can sow in a bit so that another cannot find it out.—What can we talk about for ten or a dozen lines? What a knack Lady Charlotte had of telling the truth and passing it off for a lie? this were none other than to make truth itself a wicked thing, for the end and object of a lie being but to deceive, if truth can be made by any trick to answer such a purpose truth is quite as bad as a lie; perhaps worse, for it is putting a good thing to

 a bad

a bad use, and bringing truth itself into disgrace by making it serve the purpose of a lie, which makes a double crime of it, and this Lady Charlotte made a constant practice of until she brought poor Harry in peril of his life by it; and if Old Comical had not come in just in time his two rivals would have cudgelled him to death as will be seen in its due time and place. Poor Charlotte! she had felt less if they had beaten her instead of her Harry, for every blow that he received struck her in her tenderest part! The moral is, that if folks do bad things they are sure to suffer for it one time or another.

Well said, Old Solid—that is a stopping oyster! and brings us in again with our Adszooks! how fond Lady Charlotte and Genevieve grew on a sudden of walking to and fro before the library windows; they were always wanting some book or other, and the philosopher said one day, a little peevishly for a philo-

a philosopher, " If you want books you may come in and read here, there's room enough for you and Charlotte, Harry and I shall not be disturbed if two women can hold their tongues together." Upon this, which was spoken a little roughly to Genevieve, she and Lady Charlotte got very bookish on a sudden, and what was to be done? if they could not get books given them out at the window, why, they must go in, to be sure, and get the books themselves; but the worst of it was when they got into the library they could not be quiet, they must be whispering together, and now and then a laugh would break out in spite of their teeth which they might have kept shut, and then they might have laughed more to themselves.—" Harry," quoth the philosopher one day as he was deep in some problem, " do turn those two women out of the library, or let us take our books and begone—it is impossible to read or

 write;

write; I can't think what it is that they come here for so much, isn't it very marvellous?" Harry, however, was not very willing to turn Lady Charlotte out, however the philosopher might want to get rid of Genevieve, who was sure to begin the noise, upon which he took a chess-board, and curling his finger to her ladyship said, in a whisper, when she came near him, that he would teach her the game, and Lady Charlotte was very glad to learn it because it was a pretty game. Now it came to pass that Harry's expedient kept the ladies apart and quiet, and Genevieve had now nothing on earth to do but sit with a great folio open before her and stare at the philosopher, by which means she got more and more in love with him every day.—Her hoe and her spade, her rake and her fork, her bill and her reap-hook were all neglected, and Old Crab lost at least half her labour on his farm as long as the Oxford vacations lasted; and

and he really found her of great use to him, for, she not only did a great deal of work herself, but none dare be idle when she was in the field. Love is a sad plague to men and women, how the birds, beasts, and fishes manage matters is best known to themselves.



CHAPTER III.

Further Accounts of Lady Charlotte and her Lovers—of Genevieve and the Philosopher—of George and Julia—and how Old Comical falls in Love with Madam Funstall of Dilly's Piddle.

"LOVE," says a wise man, "is a great fire." One would conclude that Genevieve thought so, for she plunged herself over head and ears in the lake every morning, being very fond of bathing; but, like a water-rocket, came out of the water as much on fire as she went into it: a fish is an animal of very few words, otherwise, it were odds that we should have heard how hot she made the water.—But historians must not stand still to crack jokes.—Now in regard to Genevieve, we must leave her burning, and who can help it? for although she had done as good as cry out "Fire!" twenty

times

times in the hearing of the philosopher, he was always so deep in Aristotle, or Plato, that it were great chance if Mount Vesuvius had burst under his nose, if he had heard or smelled it. We will now attend to Lady Charlotte for a page or two, and then come back again to the flaming Genevieve: flaming! yes, flaming, for she was— we must not say what she was.

Lord George E. and Sir Henry St. Clair, hearing of the intended match between Mr. Grove's son and Lady Charlotte, had raised their siege, after having made a good deal of stir to very little purpose in the matter: and, although they had a great mind to quarrel with George, thought it a little hard, forced, as they found him to be, upon her ladyship against his will, for him to get shot into the bargain. These gentlemen, who had quite as great a mind to Lady Charlotte's fortune as her person, had made a comical bargain together, which kept them

strict friends, and allies, although they were rivals. "Look you, St. Clair," said his lordship, as soon as he found the baronet angling for the same fish, "it will not be worth our while to shoot one another upon this business, suppose we bargain for smart-money?" "How do you mean," said the baronet, "what smart-money?" "Why," said his lordship, "we cannot both marry the girl at once; we are old friends and brother officers, give me your hand, don't let us come to wrangling; if you get her, promise to pay me upon your wedding-day ten thousand pounds, you will be sure of her fortune, you know: and, if I get her, I will bind myself in the same promise, so that, go the thing which ever way it will, we get a hedge, and shall both be winners; come, let us leave fighting to fools, you and I are known men, St. Clair, and have no reason now to shoot one another to let folks know that we are not afraid of the

report of a pistol; give me your hand, is it a bargain?" "She is certainly a very fine girl," said the baronet, "but there are plenty of fine girls to be had without fighting for them: come, I will agree, I want money, and as for love, I am too old for that to do me much mischief now—but remember, I stipulate thus: if she shows a decided preference to one of us, the other shall quit the pursuit and do all he can to help his friend." "It is agreed," said his lordship; "but I have one thing to add, a lawyer shall draw up our agreement that it may be referred to in case of necessity." "By all means," said the baronet, "let us about it presently." And thus it was done, and they re-attacked Lady Charlotte with redoubled fury, as often as they could get at her, which was not so often as they could have wished, upon the account of her being so much at the castle, where they could not come, Mr. Decastro having shut his doors

against all but a small number of select friends and relations. Lady Charlotte, however, took care to put herself in their way at times, at Hindermark, and other places, where they visited in common, conceiving that good uses might be made of them to further her designs on Harry Lamsbroke, who was very young and so timid and bashful that, although she had sure proof of his being very much in love with her, as much indeed as she was with him, which was saying a good deal, she could not get any offer from him, although he actually had a letter in his pocket for her if she could have got it out, and there it would lie till the corners were worn off, when Harry would write it all over again: and this the modest thing had done over and over, but could never get courage enongh to give it to his sweetheart! and, although an accident one day actually put it into her hand, Harry was such a simpleton as to take

it

it away!—It was thus it happened: Now we fear we shall scarce get credit when we say that George Grove and Harry Lamsbroke never neglected the church on a Sunday, or, indeed, on any other, when the doors were opened, the philosopher having given his two friends such a taste that way that it held them both as long as they lived: one Sunday morning the family at the castle were all in readiness to go to church, when Lady Charlotte said she had got the head-ache. "Your head had better ache in the church than out of it," said the philosopher; "suppose some friend had given you a thousand pounds a-year, would you not go twice in a week, though your head ached, to thank him for it if he lived twice as far off as my uncle's church stands?" "Gratitude," said her ladyship, "would bring her twice a-day to do it, if she thought her friend would be pleased with it." "Who gave you all you enjoy on earth," said the philoso-

pher,

pher, "and gave you the means to enjoy it too?" Harry Lamsbroke fetched her ladyship's hat and gloves, who, whatever force the philosopher's argument might have, had no objection to go to church with Harry; though she could have been content, perhaps, to have staid at home with him, and had him all to herself. The family were come into the pew, and Old Crab had begun the service, with a look of approbation at seeing it so full, when Harry saw that Lady Charlotte had no prayer-book, and taking his own from his pocket gave it her with his letter sticking unseen between the leaves of it, for the prayer-book, it seems, had picked up the letter in Harry's pocket: it had got into the Confession, and Lady Charlotte presently came to it, saw the direction and returned it to poor Harry; who fell into such a flutter as he knelt by her side as could not possibly be concealed from her, she saw it and knew the

the cause of it too, but had too much honour not to give Harry his letter back again, though she had a very fair opportunity to have taken it without his knowing any thing of the matter, for he was engaged in reading with the philosopher, having given up his own book to her ladyship:—this little accident confirmed her in her suspicions of Harry's intentions,—she could have found it in her heart to have picked his pocket of the letter twenty times, but that was not the way to be honest: Lady Charlotte had no rival but the library, and she soon had the satisfaction to put that rival under her feet, for Harry came there now not to read, but play at chess in it, and this grew to such a head that even the Philosopher, wrapt up as he was in reading and meditation, took notice of it:—and vastly fond she grew of chess for one reason or another, and took great pains too, to give her her due, to get mistress of it, because, perhaps, the

better she played the longer the games lasted, and the longer, of course, she kept Harry near her; and suppose, while they were playing, their fingers interfered at times, in a hurry, in moving the men about, who could help that? nobody: or, when she was pondering over the board if Harry stared at her face, or, when Harry pondered too in his turn, she stared at him. What could be done in such a case? nothing. Matters being now come to an end in regard to George Grove, she was invited to come and stay at Hindermark by Mrs. Grove in token of reconciliation after what had passed, though nobody there knew what a hand her ladyship had in breaking off the match; this invitation she willingly accepted, in hopes that Lord George and the baronet might be made some use of to force a declaration from the bashful Harry Lamsbroke: she made no promise of herself for any time, however, lest Harry might be afraid to

face

face his rivals, and she might lose his beloved company while she staid there: Mrs. Grove, therefore, could not get a lease of her, her ladyship thus reserving notice to quit, if she found her lover did not come after her to Hindermark: but she had soon the gratification to find that Harry could not stay away, but he only came to Hindermark to be made miserable: his lordship and the baronet engrossed the whole of her company and conversation, and poor Harry could do little else but look on and mourn inwardly, while he saw his rivals happy and himself shut out, for Lady Charlotte neglected him on purpose to force him to declare himself, though it was pain and grief to herself:—she could not help giving him one of her sweet looks and smiles now and then, at one of which one day poor Harry burst into a flood of tears. They were in the garden at Hindermark, and Lord George and the baronet were making love to Lady

Charlotte;

Charlotte, and she, a provoking hussey, making herself more gracious with them than ever she had yet done, when Genevieve, who was present, said, how can you like to talk to those two great fools when Mr. Lamsbroke is here, who never is permitted to talk to you now; his conversation is a river of nectar flowing over sands of pearl and gold when compared to their muddy nonsense!—Upon which, her ladyship turned her head, and seeing Harry leaning on Genevieve's arm, gave him so fond a look that he could not bear it, but actually burst into tears and left the party: Lady Charlotte saw it, and felt it as she deserved, her tears served her just right, for they forced their way in spight of her, she contrived to hide them, however, by running away after Harry, saying that she was sure he was taken ill, holding a bottle of salts in her hand so as every body could see it. Genevieve, who well knew that Harry was extremely

in love with her, though she could not penetrate into the dark bosom of Lady Charlotte so far, charitably engaged the attention of the party by taking them to look at the sketch of a cottage, which Mr. Grove had in hand to build for George and Julia, and that in the very meadow, and close by the little grove too which had become famous for their pretty arbour, where the lovers used to meet each other; Mr. Grove having engaged with Mr. Decastro for a long lease of it to that intent.—The sketch lay on the table in a summer-house at some distance, and hither Genevieve drew the whole party, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, George Grove and Julia, Lord George E. and the baronet, Mr. and Mrs. Decastro, Lady Budemere, and, for he had, upon some account, forsaken his dear library, the Philosopher.

The reader, perhaps, may be curious to know how matters went on between Lady Charlotte and her Harry, whom

she took it into her head to torment because she loved him. It was some time before she found poor Harry, and she saw him before he saw her, walking in a lonely place among some cypress trees, whose gloomy boughs suited very well the colour of his thoughts. She presently came to him; he started at the sound of her foot upon the gravel-walk, she looked in his face and saw the tears on his cheeks, " Mr. Lamsbroke," said she—and could get no further, for she could not command herself, but burst into tears: Harry saw this, though she did what she could to hide her eyes, talking about flies getting into them, and the like foolish excuses. " What is the matter, Lady Charlotte," said he, " it gives me the greatest pain in the world to see you weep? what has happened? what can I do to comfort you? tell me, what?"—What a fool he must have been to have asked such a question! Lady Charlotte could not

get

get the better of her tears for the heart of her, mad as she was with herself for letting Harry see so much :—Harry pitied her though she did not deserve it : she held out the smelling bottle to him, like one that fain would be doing something, and not knowing what to do ; Harry took it, and gently held it to her nose : every little kindness on Harry's part made matters worse, she still wept and was totally silent. The cunning baggage was for once without a shift, no trick, no excuse occurred, but she was in kinder hands a great deal than she deserved. Harry saw, or he must be blind indeed, what was the matter, and put his trembling hand into his pocket for his letter but, alas, it was not to be found ! He felt in another pocket with the like success. Lady Charlotte guessed at what he felt for, and was in a tumult of joy expecting the letter ! in vain—and if it had been in Harry's pocket at the time it were odds but the touch of it had so burned

his

his fingers that he could not have taken a hold of it sufficient to have drawn it out: however so far his honour was saved, he had lost the letter out of his pocket: and this should be a warning to folks not to carry letters about in their pockets in this manner. Harry still had a tongue in his head if he could but have made any use of it; stupid thing! how he stood with a lovely woman melted into tears before him! this comes of modesty in a man! The ladies, to give them their due, are getting rid of it as fast as they can, to set the other sex a better example. Ah, how fondly did her ladyship look into Harry's eyes through her tears! Ah, what would she have given at that tender moment to have been clasped to his bosom! He had better been hanged than have teazed her so, if it was but to have shown how fast Lady Charlotte would have run to cut him down! what fools love makes of people! Harry, a young

fellow

fellow of very bright parts, could not speak a word for his heart: Lady Charlotte, no idiot neither, could only express her thoughts by her tears. Two so much in love with each other as they were could not be expected to say very sensible things, so they began to talk nonsense, as follows: "Tell me," said he, "what has happened to make you weep?" "Will you tell me," said she, smiling, "what makes you so sad? My heart is very heavy at times, Mr. Lamsbroke, you see me in one of my weakest moments; but I see tears in your eyes, what makes you shed tears like me?" "I don't see you so often now," said Harry, with a fine blush, "I miss you sadly in my walks, for you never refused to walk with me, but now I walk by myself and feel sad, I don't know why, if it is not because you are not walking with me, or playing at chess with me." "Well," said she, "you will see me again soon where you used to see

me, and then we will have some more chess and more walks, Mr. Lamsbroke." "I am glad to hear that," said he, "but pray don't tell any body how low spirited we have been." "Hush, said she, "as to that, Mr. Lamsbroke," and away she tript into the house to wash the redness out of her eyes: the moment she was got out of sight, Harry fell diligently to search for his letter, for he was sure that he had it in his pocket when he sat out from the castle, but he had his labour for his pains.

Lord George, who had engrossed a great deal of her ladyship's conversation that day, and conceited himself to be high in grace, uneasy at her ladyship's staying away so long, slipt out of the summer-house unobserved, to look what dragon had swallowed up Lady Charlotte, and, taking his way by some trees, picked up poor Harry's letter, which he had flirted out of his pocket with his handkerchief,

or by some other accident: he, looking at its direction, found it to be to Lady Charlotte: now it came into his lordship's head that he might curry a little favour with her ladyship in this thing, and certainly his lordship's merits had been great if the direction of the letter had looked at all like a man's handwriting, but as luck would have it it looked like a woman's, or else it were some odds that his lordship had not done as he did, which was as follows, videlicet, seeing her ladyship's window open, he walked directly under it, and, after a toss or two, succeeded in throwing the letter into her room: upon which she catched it up, and, supposing it to be some love-nonsence from him, for it was not the first letter which he had thrown into her apartment, her ladyship threw the letter out again and shut her window. See what foolish things people do in a hurry! As soon as he was gone, she put up her window again,

and, dropping her eyes into a jessamine tree, which grew luckily under it, she saw the letter sticking in it; so, poking her nose out as far as it would go to see if the coast was clear, she felt some little curiosity just to look what it might contain, and, leaning out, tried to reach it, but could not, though she had like to get past the balance and fall out: the direction happened to be uppermost and she could see very well that it was not Lord George's hand, who used to make broad strokes and spend a great deal of ink in his writing: Harry Lamsbroke's hand was not unknown to her, for he had written out a great many songs, and music, at times, for her ladyship; staring with all her eyes it came into her head that the direction looked at a distance a good deal like his writing: she called herself a fool for throwing the letter out, and fell to a variety of experiments to fish up the paper, amongst others she made

a little

a little loop at the end of one of her garters and actually succeeded in bringing it to her fingers' ends, when, like a fish, it dropt off the hook and fell further down in the tree than before, but still lodged in its boughs: presently she thought of the tongs, which, luckily, a lazy housemaid had left in the fire-place to be ready for next winter, and putting them and herself too out at the window took the letter in the tongs, a very fit instrument to take up such a fiery thing, and bringing it to hand, saw, in a moment, the writing on the outside to be Harry's, and knew it, from a little speck of ink, to be the same which she had found in his prayerbook at church and returned to him. She had opened a good many letters in her life, and some in a great hurry too, but she never opened one so quick as she did this; she found it to be the very thing she so long had sighed for, a letter of proposals from Harry.

Lamsbroke himself! She read the letter twenty times over, and kissing it as often, put it directly into her bosom: and then, threw herself upon her bed, and wept as heartily as if a man had taken Harry and cut his head off!

Tears of joy never fill a pitcher.—Lady Charlotte cried bitterly for a few minutes and then fell a-laughing, and then she cried again, and laughed again, and was in a comical, or rather a tragi-comical taking: in short, she was so happy that she did not know what to do with herself. There are but few instances of people running mad for joy, her ladyship, however, was within an ace of it: after her first tumults had a little subsided, getting a little calm, her ladyship began to examine the grounds of her happiness, and to find it very precarious in many points: in the first place Lord George was a very intimate friend of Sir John Lamsbroke, Harry's father, who had

written several letters to Lady Budemere in his lordship's behalf, and one to herself upon the same business; and, from the manner in which he had taken up his lordship's cause, she was too sure of poor Harry's fate the first moment he was known to be the rival of his father's friend: this was one bitter herb in her cup, and bitter enough of itself without the infusion of any other bitterness: she was at that moment too plagued with the addresses of two men of violent tempers, who would take no refusal, though they had each had one in their turns, holding it to be the grand proof of an ardent passion to take none, and, as she soon discovered, had formed themselves into a league against her, joined hand in hand to quarrel with all that put in any pretensions to her besides themselves; she trembled therefore for Harry's safety, and her anxiety for the youth whom she loved gave her much uneasiness. She sunk not

 however,

however, her natural sprightliness, and Harry's letter, kept her swimming though in troubled waters; she felt so happy she could scarce govern her spirits, and her fancy coined twenty tricks to cheat her persecutors and encourage Harry's love in secret; and to keep it a secret she came to a resolution, first, to make no confidant, this had been an old rule with her; secondly, to write no letters to, or receive any from Harry; thirdly, to make him her scorn and her jest in public: she therefore shut up her writing-box, for she had unlocked it to write an answer to Harry's note, and fell to summon all the courage she was mistress of to get an interview with him, to which Harry's meekness and modesty gave no small furtherance; her fine brown eyes had now recovered their usual brightness, and her bosom had ceased to pant, for she had been in a great fuss, when she walked to her room window, and, looking out

at it, saw Harry searching the garden for his letter, for it was plain enough how Lord George came by it: seeing him alone, she thought it a good opportunity to go into the garden, but her courage failed her so often that she had unlocked her writing-box, and shut it up again, three or four times, in doubt whether to write or not. At last she walked into the garden to see if the fresh air would give her any strength, but still kept on the opposite side of it to Harry, whom she watched like a cat: she could not resist the pleasure she took in looking at him, so e'en sat down on a garden-chair on purpose to gaze. Poor Harry! how he bustled about among the rose trees and the flowers, tumbling their leaves and their boughs over to look for his letter which lay, had he but known it! in his Charlotte's bosom. Presently he came out at the end of a walk close by her without seeing her as she sat behind a laurel, and

started at the sight of her as if she had been a snake. "Bless me, Mr. Lamsbroke," said she, "what in the world are you hunting about the garden so for? have you lost any thing?" Harry blushed, and said he had dropt a letter out of his pocket somewhere in it: "whereabouts do you think you dropt it?" said she; "come, I will help you look for it, I am lucky at finding things." "O dear Lady Charlotte, I would not have you take any trouble about it for the world!" said he, in some confusion. "Come," said she, "I am determined to look for it, so tell me which way you have been looking, and we will take different ways." Harry opposed her with increased confusion, when she jumped up, and said, "She had set her heart upon finding his letter, and search she would in spite of him." Harry, scarcely knowing what he did, catched her by the arm, and, in a little struggle between him and Lady Charlotte,

his

his letter jumpt out of her bosom: Harry saw it stick there some time before it dropt, but only seeing its edge, the rest being concealed by part of her left breast and her tucker, he did not know what paper it might be, but as soon as it fell on the ground he knew it in a moment! Lady Charlotte was not quite prepared for this, but courage sometimes comes unexpectedly. Harry catched up the letter, and found it had been opened: if he had not felt so much, the silly figure he made were quite ridiculous: "I confess," said she, "I have taken the liber—hem, hem, taken the liberty to, to, to open your letter, for it was directed to me, you know, and who should, hem, open it but the person to whom, to whom, to whom it was directed?" Harry's face was one moment as red as crimson, and then as white as ashes, and he trembled from head to foot till his teeth chattered in his head; not knowing what he did he let the

paper fall out of his hand again on the ground: Lady Charlotte catched it up in a moment and put it into her bosom! surely this were enough to have given a man courage if any thing could! Her ladyship, perhaps, hardly knew what she was doing when she did it, for they were both in a mighty flutter: she certainly, however, was more at home in this business than he was, having been so much in the habit of receiving letters of proposals from so many, and use hardens one to things; she recovered her senses presently, and, seeming to collect strength out of poor Harry's weakness, for he would have dropped on the ground but for the kind help of a dead stump which supported Harry and a honey-suckle tree at the same time, spoke thus: "I have, I own, opened your letter, which Lord George picked up, and must needs throw in at my window; so, you see, Mr. Lamsbroke, what an escape we have had:" her ladyship still

continued

continued to faulter and hesitate, and Harry stood like a fool biting his lips, and twisting a honeysuckle between his fingers: now as fear in one hath sometimes the strange effect of giving another courage, Lady Charlotte, after a hem or two, and a feigned cough, proceeded: "I am extremely afraid that you will think I have too much confidence in what I am going to say, but the having been so much engaged of late in matters of this sort I am in hopes will account to you for my being able to speak at all upon the subject of your letter: fear not, Mr. Lamsbroke, you are not fallen into unkind hands"—she was forced to stop at times to pick her words,—"Fear not my displeasure," continued she, "for you have not done any thing which I disapprove." Harry looked at her at these words, and, like a great baby, fell a-crying. This gave her ladyship new matter, "I am sorry," said she, "to see you so much affected, Mr.

Lamsbroke, I beg of you not to vex yourself upon what has happened, you shall have little cause to weep if it is in my power to give you any comfort: I am not angry with you, indeed I am not." This made poor Harry cry worse than before, and Lady Charlotte's soft bosom was too much touched to refrain from tears on her part, and so she e'en cried for company; these their mutual tears brought on, as it were like, some little fond things between them which gave both equal confidence, and led to further conversation, which grew easier on Harry's part though mixed with blushes and timidity, that had an effect which Harry little expected, however, for one of his prime beauties in Lady Charlotte's eyes was his great modesty and timid manners, disgusted, as she continually was, with the overbearing and audacious impudence of such as took it into their heads to sue for her favours with little else to recommend them.

them. Harry's diffidence held her admiration at all times, but it had, at this moment, a peculiar estimation in it, she could speak her sentiments the more freely, which, as they lay very much in his favour, would have been taken undue advantage of by some of less merit and more boldness: "Mr. Lamsbroke," said she, "we will get a little further from the house, come with me." Upon which she led him beyond the garden and the plantations into a distant meadow, in the midst of which grew a spreading oak, where, having arrived, they sat down at its foot on the grass; here her ladyship was sure to be safe, for none could come near them without being seen, which would not have been the case in a wood. "Mr. Lamsbroke," then said she, "I have my fears lest you should think me too bold, but necessity must plead my excuse for what I shall say, I have some days since received

received a letter from my uncle, your father, which I will first read to you before I add another word;" she then took a letter from her pocketbook and read as follows:

My dearest Niece,

I take up my pen to write in behalf of a friend. It is some time since I have heard of Lord George E's proposals, rejected indeed, as I have understood, by you at your father's request, who had engaged himself with Mr. Grove before his lordship sent his last note, which engagement could not certainly be broken by a man of honour—I was therefore silent, and advised my friend to think no more of you; he said that he would do his best to get the better of his attachment, though he was sure that he should love you as long as he lived; he spoke these words upon his honour—happily for him the match intended between

between you and Mr. Grove's son is now, very unaccountably I must own, broken off, I must now, therefore, use my whole interest with you in my friend's behalf, and do assure you, my dear niece, as a mark of the love I feel for him, that if even my own son were to make you an offer, much as I value his merits, and great as your fortune is, I do assure you that I not only would not give my consent to his robbing my dearest friend of the woman whom he loves above the world and all its beauties; but, if he persisted in his attempts to get possession of you against my orders, upon my honour and upon my soul, good boy as he is, I would disinherit him, and turn him destitute into the world to beg his way to his grave.—I do insist upon it, my dearest niece, that you will not refuse my friend, he is a truly noble fellow, as well by nature as by title and rank, his fortune and estates are ample, his merits great and many, and he adores

adores you above all women upon earth.

I remain, my dearest niece,

Your most affectionate uncle,

JOHN LAMSBROKE.

Lamsbroke Park,

June 12th.

Harry was greatly affected at this letter. "Pray," said he, wiping his eyes, "what answer did you send to it, Lady Charlotte, if I may take so great a liberty as to ask you?—I hope you will not be angry with me for asking, though I am afraid I have done a very bold thing." "I have a copy of it here," said her ladyship, "and will read it to you: I hope you will not take too much advantage of my making you my confidant, Mr. Lamsbroke," added she, with a sweet smile, the poignancy of which made Harry's heart tingle as if it had been stung by a nettle!—she then took another paper out of her pocketbook and read as follows:

My

My dear Uncle,

If you love your friend as sincerely as you say, I am sure you would not have me do him any injury, which I must do if I give him any the least encouragement: I will tell you the plain truth, my affections are wholly engaged, and I never will give my consent to make a man of so much merit as you hold out Lord George to be, completely miserable. Upon this ground I have again refused him, and I will go so far as to say, that unless I can obtain him on whom my whole heart is fixed, I will, I most solemnly declare to you, die unmarried. What your reasons may be for throwing out such a terrible menace on your son, I know not, but I hope for your excuse, my dearest uncle, when I say, that I think you have used him very ill in it.

I remain, my dear uncle,

Your very affectionate niece,

Charlotte Orby.

Hindermark,
June 16th.

Harry's face, which had been very much flushed for some time, now glowed with a deeper red than ever, and raising his eyes, which he had scarce dared yet to do, to Lady Charlotte's, she dropt her face on her bosom painted all over with vermilion. Harry must be very dull indeed not to see what was the matter with her ladyship, but his diffidence still kept him in doubt; his modesty so blinded his eyes that he could not see what a happy man he was: 'tis no wonder the ladies should hate such a vice in a man when it gives them such a world of trouble! Poor Lady Charlotte! she was so provoked at seeing him still in doubt that she could have boxed his ears: it was all her own fault, she might have had impudent fellows plenty who would have had quickness of apprehension enough, and self-conceit enough too, not to have given her half the trouble—but Harry was richly worth her pains if he had given her

ten times as much: well, it is fit that the best things cost the most, and when a thing is worth a pound who should buy it for a penny? When Lady Charlotte dropt her blushing face on her bosom Harry might have taken her and put her in his pocket, and walked away with her if he pleased.—but, thought he, surely it cannot be myself that she hints at in her answer to my father—my merits are surely too small to deserve so much—there was a little silence, and Lady Charlotte played with a cowslip: what would Lord George, what would the baronet St. Clair have given to have been in Harry's place at that moment! Harry's face was so flushed, and he looked so excessively handsome that Lady Charlotte was afraid to look that way, and so she played with a cowslip that grew at her side. Harry, by accident turned his eyes towards her to look what it was she was doing, when, sitting rather on the advantage ground, and being

being tall too, he dropt his eyes into her bosom and saw his letter in it: "My letter is very happy, Lady Charlotte," said he, "to be where it is." Lady Charlotte smiled, with her eyes downcast upon the cowslip, for she did not look up, perhaps, for fear of frightening Harry's eyes away, knowing very well what pretty shy things they were. "May I dare to hope," said he, "that it did not come into the place where it is, by accident, but by —by—by—favour?" She smiled again with a blush, still looking at the flower. "Happy letter," continued he, "if it came there by favour!" At this there was another smile, but there was no occasion for another blush for the old one served very well. "O Lady Charlotte," said he, "if I could but know if you ever put such a letter in the same place before!"—Upon which she shook her head and turned her face quite away so that he could not see a bit of it. "Dear Lady

Charlotte," then said he, "how kind you are to my letter, and you cannot be kind to that without being kind to me." She was very quiet and very silent, for she was too much delighted to make any noise, but she had twirled the poor cowslip all to pieces, and hardly knew what to do with her fingers, so she dropt one hand in the grass, a cool place, close by Harry, while the other held the two letters: what could she mean by letting one hand lie idle there?—Harry looked at it, it had no glove upon it, it looked beautifully white as it lay on the dark-green grass!—Now, whether he thought it was put there on purpose, or whether he might safely steal it while she looked another way and she none the wiser, Harry took up her pretty fingers off the cold ground, and, pressing them gently in his hand, said, "Dear Lady Charlotte, I am afraid there will be no favour for me; O if I could but know there was any if it

was

was but the least of little!"—and, taking advantage of her averted face, added, with a sigh, "Nobody ever loved anybody better than I do—somebody:" she still remained silent with her face turned quite away from him, but, for some reason, she did not snatch her hand out of Harry's, as he had seen her do when either Lord George, or the baronet, or any other man had seized upon it; but she remained silent, and sat as quiet as a mouse, and, though it charmed her beyond expression to hear the man whom she loved make love to her, yet she could not help feeling pity for what he felt in the struggles between his love and his diffidence. But she had a good deal of spite in her for all that, and was determined to be revenged on him for having teased her so long, and leaving it to accident at last to bring her his note, and, but for the said accident, had teased her half a year longer perhaps; so she held her

tongue,

tongue, like a cunning puss, to feast her ears, that loved sweet things as well as any girl's ears in the world, though she could have talked fast enough if she had had a mind to interrupt him. Certainly these were some of the happiest moments of her life, and the most prudish could not blame her for making the best of them, when it is considered that what gave them their highest relish was, that the pleasure she felt was innocent. Harry, now taking courage from her bashfulnes as she had lately done from his, leaned a little over her to get a sight of her face, upon which she started a little, for she thought he was going to kiss her, he had not a thought, however, of taking so great a liberty, though he, whom she was determined to make her husband, might have done it and been forgiven. "My dear Lady Charlotte," said he, "pray tell me one thing,—is the person who now sits by your side he whom you so

kindly alluded to in your letter to my father? tell me, pray tell me, give me some sign of what you cannot speak, let this dear hand, which I now hold in mine, speak for you :" she turned her back to him and her head quite away, so that he could only see a bit of her ear, just as if she had not a mind to see what her hand did which was at that time quite behind her, and gently squeezed Harry's hand that held her's. Now the wonder is what the ladies will say to Lady Charlotte for doing such a shocking thing as that? but her ladyship might have suffered a little spasmodic affection just at that moment which contracted her fingers a little.—Well, women are made, amongst other things, to delight a man's heart, and they certainly now and then answer that purpose to admiration. Confound the toads! Old Crab used to say, it is nothing but their impudence that makes them modest! for they and the devil very well

know it to be the surest way to get hold of the men.

Lady Charlotte and Harry had now convinced each other of their mutual affection, for, by the gentle squeeze which she gave Harry's hand, he had no longer any doubt, diffident as he was, that he was the happy man alluded to in her ladyship's letter to his father; this grand preliminary being settled, Lady Charlotte apprized him with how much secrecy they must at present act; he had some very formidable rivals, one of whom had all his father's interest, who was quite the sort of man to put his menaces in execution upon the terms named in his letter; "None, therefore, must know, Mr. Lamsbroke, what engagements we may form together," said her ladyship; "be you prepared for any face which I may chuse to put on before others; we will write no more letters, for letters, you see, may be lost, none must know but ourselves what has passed this evening, no,

not our most intimate friends, be you but silent, leave the rest to me, and I will set discovery at defiance; the cruel threat, Mr. Lamsbroke, in your father's letter I regard not, for some reasons which I will not now disclose; I can turn it to our advantage:—I shall put on a strange face remember, a very different one from that which I now wear," said she, smiling fondly in his eyes. Harry took her hand and softly pressed it between his, when a solemn bell was heard at some distance— "That's my uncle's bell," said she, "I suppose he has a funeral this evening." "Yes," said Harry, "it is poor farmer Cartland's son, who, in a fit of insanity, threw himself into a well, it is he that is to be buried this evening." "I hope, I hope," said her ladyship, putting her hand upon Harry's arm a little eagerly, "his distraction did not come from his affair with Julia?" "Indeed, but it did," said Harry, "his attachment to Julia was the cause of it."

"O Mr.

"O Mr. Lamsbroke," said she, with tears in her eyes, "how much I pity that poor young man! poor man! what must he have felt, what must he have suffered before he came to this! This must make poor Julia's heart ache too in the midst of all her joys." "This thing has been kept a secret from her," said he, "and that is the cause of her invitation to Hindermark, she was invited to be there to be out of the way of it." "At what distance are we now from Hindermark," said she, "will not Julia hear the bell?" "We must be at least two miles," said he, "from Hindermark; my uncle Bat preaches a funeral sermon on this occasion, shall we walk on and attend the funeral? I am always pleased with my uncle Bat's sermons." "Why," said Lady Charlotte, "I don't like weeping, but if you desire it I will go along with you." "Come then," said Harry, "let us put on a good pace, for I am sure the instruction which we shall

receive from my uncle Bat's sermon will repay us richly for our tears." "Can you tell me the particulars of this sad event?" said she. "I can," said Harry; "come, I will tell you the melancholy story as we walk along, if you love tragedies it will suit you, for it is a story full of woe."—"Why," said she, "I own that I have rather a turn for comedy than tragedy, but I shall like to hear you tell me the story nevertheless, for there is always one comfort in a sad story, the pleasure that comes from a comparison of our happier lot with the miseries of others." Saying which she gave Harry another sweet smile, and observed the tears on his rosy cheeks. "O Lady Charlotte," said Harry, "you smile at my weakness, but I know, from my own feelings, how to feel for this poor young man, I do indeed, and cannot help—" Harry could get no further, but hid his face in his handkerchief. If Lady Charlotte could have done as she would,

would, she had flung her snowy arms about Harry's neck, and kissed him for his tender-heartedness.

OLD CRAB'S FUNERAL SERMON,

PREACHED AT

THE BURIAL OF JOHN CARTLAND.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE GROVE.

Man is cut down like a Flower of the Field.

This comparison suits very well with my present purpose: the man whom we now put into the earth was cut down in the flower of life, and upon this I shall argue as follows; first, the shorter man's life is, the better; secondly, the sooner men prepare for death, the better; and thirdly, the less we lament those who are gone before us, the better. And, first, the shorter man's life is, the better, for his troubles are shorter too, and, no man, I think, can well complain of that: we often

hear men complain of too many troubles but none of too few: if we ask a man whether he would chuse twenty years of misery or forty, one would think him beside his wits if he chose the longer term, and, I think, with good reason; but, yet, if any one were to be asked whether he would chuse a long life or a short one, and he chose the short one, we should think him beside his wits too: now there must be an error somewhere in this thing, and it may make for our advantage to look for it: A man is born to trouble, saith Job, as sure as the sparks fly upwards, for so I think the Hebrew should be translated; and I suppose there is none of us who will take upon him to contradict that; trouble therefore we must find in the world, it is an enemy which we must meet and contend with as long as we stay in it; life, therefore, is a state of warfare not of peace, truces there may be in it but never peace, and those, too, very few and

and very short: it appears then that we must all meet trouble and contend with it, that we all do so needs no argument to prove it here: in this war many fall early sacrifices, like the poor young man who now lies dead before us: some stand it out for many years and still get the better of their wounds, and still fight on, until old age joins hands with the common enemy and very soon makes it a matter of irresistible odds: what shall we say then? is it good to live in an eternal scuffle? in continual bickerings? under perpetual bruises? as soon as, and sometimes sooner than one wound is healed to get another, and often in the same gash too? what keeps us all in love with anguish thus? or, am I in an error, and it be true that we are not fond of pain? but if we are fond of life we must needs take pain into the account, for with life it comes and to life it sticks as long as life lasts, then the shorter life is the better, for we

cannot get rid of pain until we do get rid of life, do what we will: pains and troubles either of the mind, the canker that eat out this poor young man's heart, or of the body, which few men are strangers to, goad and scourge us through the world, and, one would think, would make us glad to make haste through it. What if we were forced to stop in our way? if we were tied up to be lashed? what if we could not get into our graves out of the reach of the whip if we would? what if we were held for a hundred years at a time to be flogged without being permitted to take one step all that time towards the quiet tomb? let such as would chuse long lives think on that: let them think how glad they would be to have their cords untied, and with what joy they would make the best of their way to their sepulchre where the bitter scourge cannot follow them. This were some matter of consideration; ease after pain is certainly some-

thing,

thing, and a precious something too, men would not be so over-fond of life, if this matter were well weighed, as they are; and it were an argument with them, one would think, to get prepared to die, to be ready at a moment's call, and listen with eager expectation for their names to be named. How St. Paul wishes to be with his master! hear what he says on this matter, "if in this life only we had hope, we should be of all men the most miserable!" Of whom doth he speak? of Christians: of those very men whose blessed estate bids the fairest of all others for happiness: of those whom Christ, of those whom the Holy Ghost descend from heaven itself to save and to comfort! Now if we will take St. Paul's word for it a short life were better, or why should he wish to be with Christ? Why weep we then over this untimely bier? why do we say, alas my brother! why mingle we our tears with the flowers that are

scattered on his grave? Is he not where St. Paul so much wished to be? The moral and religious excellence of his life bid fairly for it, my good friends. These hands made a christian soldier of him, and from this place have we handed him down the armour to protect him in the battle: God's will be done:—If he be content to take the young warrior so soon out of the conflict, why need we lament? why grieve that his contest should be so short?—Who could be glad to see him linger here? Our youth lose an example, it is true; that is a loss, and a grievous loss when goodness is so scarce as it is: but let bad men tremble, and be thankful that they are not called to their account, so much less fit to meet their account than he; that they have more time allowed, if they please, to have their faults whipped out of them; but a man cannot live too short a time that is fit to go to heaven; and why?—wherefore should a good man live in troubles?

troubles? if ripe for heaven why not be gathered? Let God pick and chuse where he pleases amongst us—why contest the matter? for to grieve at what God does, is a kind of contest with him. If a short life were unfit we should all live to be very old, but since more die that are not grown old than are, the cast is against long lives, and it is God's will that fewer should live to be very old, and that, it is like, out of compassion for our sufferings in this world, which are sharp and manifold; and what a merciful thing it is in our Heavenly Father to knock off the bolts and shackles of the flesh! to set the suffering soul free from its prison! to take the spirit to himself and put it out of the reach of trouble! But the loss of friends we must needs call a misfortune, and death a grief:—and yet why should it be a grief? must we needs always fall in with the ways and errors of the world, and call griefs what the world calls griefs? 'Death,

 which

which the world calls a grief, can do no good man ill:—ill! it is the way to his reward: death is the door that lets him into heaven.—Why should we grudge at this? why should we grudge at a good man's being made eternally happy? that he is taken out of the stone's throw of misfortune? that his soul is sifted from the dust of this earth? that he joins the company "of saints, and good men made perfect?" But it is said that when a man is taken out of the world he can do no more good in it, that his widow, perhaps, and his orphans are left to shift for themselves, who were supported by his industry, and protected by his arm:—be it said, and be it answered, that when he goes out of the world he does not take the providence of God out of the world along with him; in what better hands can he leave all that is dear to him on earth than in the hands providence? God, who calls him from his post, can set another watch at it; and

and if his widow and his orphans take care to do what God bids them, there will no harm come to them until God breaks his word with them, which will never be. A good man is gone; and, to use the language of the world, we shall see him no more: not on earth it is true, we cannot expect that, nor ought we to wish it for his sake and for our own: for his sake,—for which of his friends would lend a hand to pull him back again into a world of troubles? for our own,—for what pain and grief would it be to us to see him banished from the realms of bliss into a place which is none other than the house of woe and bitterness? Could we bear, upon his return to it, to hear his lamentations for a moment? For what must a man feel at such a change? to be taken out of heaven and committed to this earth, as it were to a house of correction, to be torn away from the society of saints and angels, and cast down amongst a gang of thieves,

thieves, slanderers, fornicators, drunkards, murderers, blasphemers, miscreants, and adulterers? would not this be to plunge him into hell?—Who then can complain of too short a life, shouldered on all sides by such reprobates as these? A good man lies in this vile world like a pearl in the mud: how unfit a place, my friends, for one who is fit for heaven! such a one is not at home on earth, he is here a stranger, he belongs to heaven!—Now if it please God to send his angel down to pick out what is worthy of heaven amongst us, why, the sooner heaven takes its own the better: and if we are in no mind to lose a good friend, or a good relation for ever, let us look about us, quit our sins, purify our lives, and make all ready to follow him and meet him in heaven: and few will deny, I think, that the sooner this happens to any of us the better, which brings me to the second division of my discourse, that is to say, a speedy pre-

paration

paration for quitting this world of clouds, for, indeed, there is little sunshine here:—let us then set our houses in order, that when death comes he may find that we have nothing to do but to go with him at a moment's warning: that he may find us ready dressed for our journey and waiting for him: yes, ready dressed—all our filthy sins cast off, and evil habits discarded, and our wedding garments upon us, and in our best array to meet the bridegroom, of whom the Scripture speaks. Take heed to my words, my good friends, there will be no hanging back at that time, go we must whether we be clean or unclean, whether we be in a wedding garment or in dirty rags. Let us all remember that no unclean thing can enter the palace of heaven: if we are still in our sins we shall be flung into hell from the threshold of God's house; if death come, and find us wrapped up in our wickedness, we shall be cast afar off, where neither star nor sun-light

reaches,

teaches, into a place where the vengeance of the Almighty rolls in black clouds of smoke mixed with eternal fires: thus, indeed, the Scriptures image out the place of torment, but what is meant by the undying worm, and by the ever-burning flame, we know not, but it must certainly be something very terrible which these things are made to stand for, and a very faint resemblance, it is like, of the hideous original, which no man in his senses, one would think, would chuse to see. The case is this:—a man may, if he pleases, escape eternal punishment, he may, if he hath a mind, go to heaven: Heaven and hell are held out to his choice: if he, by the smiles of vice, is tempted into hell it is his own fault; if, by the buoyancy of virtue, he is raised to heaven, it will be set down to his merit, and his reward will be great. If a man be asked whether he would chuse hell or heaven; we know his answer very well; but how comes it to pass that

that he will not put himself in the way to get that thing which he would like the best of the two? here come in a man's sins and push him out of the road, and into hell, when he would put himself forward on the way to heaven: now, if he is so great a fool as not to contest the matter with his sins, what is it but to say that heaven is not worth a man's fighting for? now the best preparation for death is to fight manfully against the devil, this is to fight the good fight spoken of in Scripture, and it is for victory in this battle that the crown, also named in Scripture, is held out. But the reward is at a great distance, we may say, and the battle is at hand; yet we may say this without being at all able to prove it, for "this night our souls may be required of us," as the Scripture says, and then the reward is not at a great distance, but very near us, and may be still nearer for any thing we know of the matter: a man, therefore, who will

not

not fight on is a fool, or a coward, or both, for the very conditions on which we take our existence is to breast it out against difficulties, dangers, sin, and the devil. What an idiot must he be who will fight, till he dies, for an earthly reward, which he must part with too, if he lives to get it; and will not fight till death for a heavenly reward, which, if he gets it, nothing can take from him, not even death itself, even if he dies in the conflict, which would deprive him of the earthly thing which he fights for to all intents and purposes; what an idiot, I say, must such a one be! and who but a fool would call him wise? The hazard a man runs by putting off his preparation for death, if at all considered, would terrify the stoutest heart. Put the case thus: I am very well to-day, I never was in better health in my life, but yet I cannot count the value of one moment upon to-morrow, for, as the Scripture says, "A man knows not what

what a day may bring forth:" yet, behold, all things lie about me at sixes and sevens, I drink, I game, I swear, I lie, I steal, I blaspheme, I commit fornication, I commit adultery, I bear false witness, I fight duels and commit murder, and all this, when by this hour to-morrow I may stand at the bar of heaven with such a load of sins as this upon my shoulders!—Why, would not a man deserve to be put into hell for a month, or for any given time, and thank any one who would do it if it would bring him to his senses, that chuses, for it is his choice, to go on day after day in this manner without "taking any thought for the morrow," as the Scripture says? "Sufficient for the day would indeed be the evil thereof," if a man were to be cast into hell, in it, I suppose, or he would have such an appetite for evil that might surprise any body!—We are all of us sinners; we go on making false step

after false step, and the very best of us can do no more than sin and repent by turns, and, as soon as our tears have washed one spot away, comes another, and a blacker perhaps than any yet repented of.—But yet, kind mercy receives the golden censer, with the sweet incense of sorrow burning, at the hands of our great Intercessor, who, if he sees us err yet sees us weep for our errors, propitiates him who sent him to save us: let us weep then, not for the dead but for the living; (which brings me to the third and last division of my sermon;) not because this good young man is gone to heaven so soon, but for our sins, which will bar our meeting with him once again, and that never to be parted. A tear for the dead is an honour to his tomb; if it be a debt let us pay it and have done with it: tears, it is true, give ease to the heart, but we must fight against the disease, or tears may fail to cure it: sorrow is an enemy both to the soul

and

and the body, it is one of those passions which we must meet in the field aforesaid; we must oppose it manfully if we look to oppose it effectually: it cannot long stand its ground before the true soldier; it is a foe that must be grappled withal;—but many die of grief, there are some for whom sorrow is too strong, here lies before us, alas, a sad instance of it, one into whose brain grief brought a fatal phrenzy which pushed him on, not knowing what he did, to self-destruction!—This is true:—but it gives additional force to my argument, for the more potent our foe the stronger armour must we put on to meet him: if we are conquered, and notwithstanding fought our best, we have done our duty, and shall be met at the gates of heaven by angels attuning this hymn to their harps, "Come, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of our Lord!"

It may be asked how can we better

show

show our love for our friend than by our sorrows for his loss? It were well to ask in return whether he be lost or not?—If he be gone to heaven one cannot well say that he is lost: we must look to be sure that he is lost, or we may grieve when we ought to rejoice; if we are not sure that he is lost we grieve at an uncertainty: now if we grieve at the death of a friend, we may grieve for some change for the better and not for the worse, which were an absurdity, because it is always matter of congratulation, and not of sorrow, that a good thing hath befallen any of our friends; our friends are the strings which tie us to the earth, cords that bind us to this world of woe, still as they die off tie after tie is cut in twain, 'till we ourselves get loose, and wing our way more joyfully to heaven. That is the place wherein, the Scriptures tell us, to lay our treasure up; and, tell me, my good brethren, in what better place can we put our

our friends? But alas! to hear the sad bell toll for a child that's gone, the parting pang the father or the mother feels, the last farewell, the kiss, the touch of the cold hand,—the last look while the fading eye yet holds its sense, fixed with eager gaze and closing, on those friends it loved, for ever!—what a bitter hour is such an hour as this! It is, and must be bitter, and it would be sad indeed if bitter things were not wholesome too: our sorrows are our schoolmasters here, they spare no rod and never spoiled a child: they take much evil from us but never robbed us of any good thing when put to their right uses: they take much evil from us, for sorrow is a check to sin, it takes away a man's appetite for wicked deeds, it abates that pride of heart which fits it for the worst of mischiefs; sorrow seasons it and stops corruption in it: sorrow is the salt of the soul and keeps it sweet: a mind garrisoned by sor-

rows resists temptation; why then, it may be asked, if sorrow be of such use how can it be said that the shorter our sorrows are, the better? It is answered that sorrow should be our medicine but not our food: too much of the best medicines will defeat the very end of medicine and bring disease: Temperance prescribes the quantity of grief, a virtue to be called in in this our case, and teach us by what rules it should be governed, how much may be taken to do us good, where excess in it begins, and what must be its limits. There is as much danger in the excess of grief as in an excess of strong liquors, a certain quantity of the latter is a cordial, too much intoxicates and weakens us; a certain degree of sorrow is only required even in repentance, we need not always weep to be forgiven even of God himself for our sins:—let us then, my friends, hold our hands a little in this sad case; we must not weep longer

for

for the loss of a child than for the loss of our integrity: for a very serious consideration follows, sorrow too long indulged becomes a sin, and then we must sorrow to be forgiven even for our sorrows: it is very wrong in us to receive the dispensations of Providence with pouting and fretting, and if any thing of this sort is an ingredient in our sorrows it is very blameable indeed: a tender regard for our children is no sin, it were a fault in us not to feel it if they deserve it, it is one of those sweet sympathies planted by God in our hearts which is not only consistent with but strengthened by reason and religion: but be it remembered that our children are the free gift of God, and we must deserve them if we would keep them, but God may take them from us if we deserve to keep them too, and this sometimes happens, as, I think, it does in this case: be it remembered that, as in Abraham's case who made offer to

return his only son to God who gave him, we must willingly bid adieu to any child whom God is pleased to call for, with this consolation that he may be wanted to fill some place in heaven. I would not be thought, my dear friends, to insult your sorrows, as is not unfrequently the case, by calling the cause of your grief a trifle, this is none other than to call a man a fool for his pains, and set down his sorrows to the score of weakness and folly: to lose a favourite child is one of the greatest of human calamities, but yet let us take notice that the greater any calamity is that befals us, the greater merit hath our resignation too, in our acquiescence to the divine will. "Let us make ourselves friends out of our calamities and misfortunes, that when we fall they may receive us into everlasting habitations."

Come then, my good friends, let us wipe away our tears, let us bury

our

our sorrows with the deceased in the grave: if he could speak to us out of the clouds it would be the first advice he would give us, for such was his advice until his intellect became a ruin, and his senses were destroyed: a tender regard to his memory I well know that he would have us cherish, but to see us nurse our grief, that scorpion of the soul, would give him pain in proportion to his love for us: Let us set him in our presence and do nothing that would grieve him if he were conscious of our actions; he himself fell a victim to sorrow, how then were it likely that he should approve that very thing in us which did him so much hurt? There is one thing which we ought to take notice of and that is, that the better a man is the better he takes consolation, the bad man, if any, is the inconsolable man, because he can have the least title to the best of all other consolations, namely, religious consolation: for religion, instead of

 pouring

pouring comfort into his wounds, fills his mind with terror and dismay, so much so that he does all he can to get it out of his thoughts as the most unwelcome intruder there, conscious that he is rather a fit object of its vengeance than its consolation: but this by the way. To return: no man one would think would deny that the shorter our sorrows are the better, because sorrow is no very pleasant thing, and who would not get rid of an unpleasant thing as soon as he could? when I say the shorter our sorrows are the better, I mean no dishonour to the dead, or to say that he is not worth a tear, for then my advice were given where it was not wanted, for there is no need to tell any body not to mourn for what they do not care for: And who laments the worthless? there is no need to check people's tears when none are like to be shed: by no means;—But when the good, I will not say die, but come to an untimely grave,

grave, we need advice, every comfort, and every consolation: it is then our sorrows are most apt to exceed bounds; it is then our griefs want a check the most, and the more I insist upon this the better compliment I pay to the dead: The more we strive to get the better of our grief for the deceased, the greater the contest with our sorrows, the more we honour the departed, for it serves only to prove the strength and violence of our woe. To come nearer to ourselves, we see in the sad instance upon the bier, how hurtful grief is to our bodies, and what ills it brings on them; it hath the power, if not checked, to seize on the brain itself, to overturn the throne of reason, and throw the soul into confusion: not to advert to the old topics that sorrow for the dead can be of no use to the living; that no tear will recal the fleeting spirit, I shall now conclude with putting you in mind that religion is the only sove-

reign balm for the wounded heart; there may be other remedies, but this is the best of them all, and for this reason, it gives us to understand that though the deceased hath left us we have not lost him, that if we do our duty as well as he did here; we shall meet him again; that this young flower, that only staid to show us its blossom here, is not withered and dead, but only transplanted into Paradise. Into which happy place that we may all be transplanted too, may God of his infinite mercy grant, to whom, with the Holy Ghost and our Saviour Jesus Christ be ascribed all honour, praise, majesty and dominion from this time forth for evermore. Amen.

The end of Old Crab's Sermon on John Cartland.

CHAP-

CHAPTER III.

In Continuation.

But we must now leave Harry and his mistress on their way to Oaken Grove, and return to the party at Hindermark, where the reader may well imagine that the absence of her ladyship was not borne with much patience by Lord George and the baronet: and it growing near to Mr. Grove's time for their tea and coffee, Genevieve and the philosopher, Lord George and the baronet all took different ways amongst the gardens and the shrubberies to look for Lady Charlotte. Genevieve first ran up stairs to her ladyship's apartment, where she used at times to spend an hour in retirement, for she had a way of getting a good deal out of society of late, but found the door locked, which, indeed, was no new thing, for she always locked her room door, whether in it or not in it, and none

knew if she was in it, for she would not answer at times when she was in it; this Genevieve knew, and, after a knock, went away.

Lord George said that he had seen her ladyship at her window when they took their walk after dinner, but had not seen her since that time; so the four persons aforesaid went out a-hunting for Lady Charlotte, and it was Lord George's good fortune to find the game. He met her and Harry on their return from Oaken Grove. "How far has your ladyship been walking?" said he, casting a look of some displeasure on Harry; "you do this young gentleman, I think, too much honour to prefer his company to that of all the rest of the party put together." "Mr. Lamsbroke is a great favourite of mine, my lord," said she, "and I asked him to walk with me to Oaken Grove this evening; and, to tell you the truth, I liked his company and conversation so well, that I shall certainly

take

take another walk with him soon."—"If you do, madam," said his lordship pettishly, "I shall take leave to tell that gentleman that he will please me better if he walks by himself." "Pray, my lord," said she, "how came you by any authority to prescribe to me with whom I shall walk, or with whom I shall not walk? Your pleasure has very little weight with me, and, I dare say, quite as little with Mr. Lamsbroke, with whom I shall most certainly walk, if I please, without coming to you to say, Pray, my lord, will you give me leave to walk with Mr. Lamsbroke? or, Is it your pleasure that I walk with Sir Henry St. Clair?" Upon which she laughed in his lordship's face, and told him that he gave himself great airs! "Give me leave to say, madam, that I should feel very little interest in your society if I expressed no regret at seeing it squandered away upon the undeserving," said his lordship. "If you knew yourself," said she, "you would

not feel that regret, if you knew me you would take care not to express it: but, after all, what can I add to you by being with you, or take from you by being with another?" "Yourself, madam," said his lordship, "which, like the significant figure, gives a cypher all its value." "I heard Mr. Lamsbroke say that when Julia, in a frolic, ran away from Mr. George Grove; after what you have said of him, I am surprised that you can condescend to borrow his wit, and contract a debt which you will never be able to pay." "It gives me very little satisfaction," said his lordship, "to hear you praise that young gentleman at all; and, though you may say what you please, I shall drop a hint in his ear that I will not hear him praised by you, madam, at my expense." "You are a very pleasant sort of person, though not a little fond of quarrelling, if you make one person's commendation the grounds of falling out with another:

another: you are far enough, my lord, from being a wit yourself, it is true, but I did not know till this moment that you had not good sense enough not to be displeased at it in another."

"To have neither wit nor good sense," said his lordship, "is certainly to be very much a fool, and your ladyship has done me a great deal of honour to tell me so to my face: but the very first moment that a woman finds a man to be her slave, she will not stick to call him a fool when he can so very easily find out the reason why he merits that title of distinction. But I must give that young gentleman, who has just left us, a little good advice about walking; for if he does not walk to please me, I will make him walk out with me where he will not be best pleased to go!" added his lordship angrily. "This is very fine!" said Lady Charlotte; "I myself asked Mr. Lamsbroke to walk with me to Oaken Grove, what he did was done at my

instance; if I chose to take him instead of my footman, my lord, what have you to do with that?" "What another man takes of your company, madam, I set down as a robbery upon myself." "A man must take what is your own property, my lord, before he can be said to rob you; my company is not quite that yet, and if I see much of these humours, 'tis not like ever to be." "Delightful IF!" exclaimed his lordship, kneeling down in a puddle, and taking her ladyship's hand, which she snatched from him in a moment, "if there can be any conditions upon which I could ever claim your sweet society for my own, name them, O name them, most lovely of thy sex, and not one change in Ovid's Metamorphoses shall be so sudden as mine from what you hate to what you love!" "You had best go and get clean stockings, my lord, for you have kneeled in a very dirty place," said Lady Charlotte; "and then, I think, I shall

I shall like you a little better." "Am I ever to be put off with some cruel jest?" said he; "for heaven's sake, Lady Charlotte—" "And for heaven's sake, Lord George," said she, "why will you kneel in a puddle?" "O most divine of women!" exclaimed he, "I would kneel in the middle of an ocean." "O most divine of men!" said Lady Charlotte, "do you take me for a duck that you fall to courting me in a pond of water?" "I did not know where I was or what I did," said he—"what can I do? how act? what perform to purchase me the smallest grace in that lovely bosom?" "Why," said her ladyship, "in the first place I lay my injunctions on you to be civil to Mr. Lamsbroke; I insist upon that, my lord, if he walks with me twenty miles in a day; and, now I think of it, I shall often ask him to walk with me, since you have made such a fuss about it, on purpose to try you: in the second place I must insist upon it that you

you send me no more letters, my window cannot stand open five minutes without having one scrawl or other thrown in at it." "A man whose passion," quoth his lordship, "is so ardent as mine, whose soul would cease to think if not of you, a bosom";—"Well," said she, "I have heard all this twenty times over, my lord, and I have told you my mind upon the matter in such a way that it is impossible to be misunderstood—I will not say that my mind will never change, or how things may be when I see your lordship in clean stockings, but if you come down in the mud thus, it were better if you came a-courting in boots;" saying which she ran into the house.

The irresistible influence of the charm had wrought such wonders in the constitution of the beautiful milk maid that she had picked up her crumbs, as they say of the chickens, and was now grown as plump as one of her father's barn-door fowls: the banns

banns of marriage had been put up by Old Crab three times in his church, and a month had now passed since that ceremony: Old Crab and Mr. Grove had settled their plan of provision for their children, the lease of Dairy-Mead was drawn and signed, the workmen had already begun to build the cottage in it, and the little grove, famous for Julia's arbour, was to be walled in with the rest of the pleasure grounds: all this was to be done at Mr. Grove's expense, and the young couple to take up their abode at Hindermark until their house was ready to receive them: This became Mr. and Mrs. Grove's plaything, and they were always amusing themselves in Dairy-Mead when the weather permitted them. George Grove was chasing Julia one day in the shrubberies at Hindermark for a kiss, when Old Crab, coming to Mr. Grove's house, stept behind a Portugal laurel and saw what they had no mind should be seen;

seen; Julia, to give her her due, had run into one of the thickest shades she could find, to hide herself from George perhaps, when he caught the breathless fugitive close by the Portugal laurel that hid Old Crab, and had Julia in his arms when the old gentleman popped out upon them: "You jade!" quoth Old Crab, "why did'nt you run into the house?" and caught her by the arm—George stole away—"Come," said he, "'tis high time you fix your day, or I shall fix one for you, these are fine doings!" Julia panted and held her head down to hide her blushes: name your day this moment, or this day three weeks shall be the day; why don't you speak, wench?" "If you please, papa?" said she. "Please indeed!" quoth Old Crab; "I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, romping about in this manner as if you were mad! a fine idle hussy you are grown and be hanged to ye, while I am forced to

pay

pay one to do all your work for you, you hoiden!" "Indeed, papa, I should like to go a-milking again as I used to do, now I am got well again, and look to the dairy too—those were happy days, papa: but indeed, papa, I am very happy, very indeed, and very thankful too for all my happiness," falling on her knees before Old Crab with the tears running down her face: "Happy," quoth Old Crab, "aye, I don't know what the plague should ail you else, romping about with a handsome young fellow! you shall come home and there stay until the ceremony is over, and see no more of George until he comes to bring you to church." Julia looked behind her to see if George was in sight, but she saw no more of him for a long time, not indeed until her wedding-day.

Genevieve had taken it into her head that she should not have any the least objection to be married on the same day with Julia—indeed she sat

her

her heart upon it, and left no stone unturned in order to it: but, after some consideration, she found out that a woman could not well be married unless a man could be found for her husband, and this was a lucky discovery, which thing might have escaped one less in a hurry than she: Now Genevieve was so far from getting married that she had not got so much as an offer from the man on whom she had fixed her heart, nor had she any reason soon to expect one, or, indeed, at all, unless she could court the philosopher in the shape of a Greek folio; she had a fine Grecian face, indeed, and that was something in her favour. That she was in love with Acerbus was a thing as well known to him, as if he had read it in Aristotle, for she courted him as far as she dared to do, and, as hot things are apt to communicate their heat, she had so far——But hold, proportion is one of the graces of architecture,

tecture, a few bricks one way or the other are no great matter, a man may put them in his eye and see none the worse for them, he might grumble, perhaps, if he had a barge-load shot into it, and say they hurt his sight—we will therefore stop the trowel here, reader, and put the rest of our matter into the next chapter.



CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

In Continuation.

WE have left a broken sentence; but we will build to it, and fill all holes in due time: we shall now proceed to say how love suited Genevieve's high stomach—it lay very hard upon it, reader—and, what was worse, she could not get rid of it any way—no, it stuck like a spunge and swelled there: finding this, how very wise it was in her to give up being mistress where she could not be master, and fall to obey where she could not command! Love is vastly fond of bringing down a proud stomach: Genevieve had queened it over the men like a tyrant, but her reign was now over, and it was her turn to be a subject and to have her crown cast to the ground: where she cast herself one warm day and Lady Charlotte came to look at her, as it hath been said: yes, she lay at her full length on the grass under a

green tree, fit posture for one so humbled, and confessed her passion to her friend: who, it may be remembered kindly instructed her in the way to catch the philosopher: and she had now practised what her friend advised her with much patience and some success: she had become entomologist and studied insects, made collections, and, her purse giving her great advantages over the poor philosopher, she had bought foreign beetles, spiders, butterflies and a variety of curious creeping things, and a grand compound microscope that cost her forty guineas: she fed caterpillars, toads and lizards in boxes, and gave up her mind with all diligence to the propagation of diptera, hymenoptera, aptera, and coleoptera: After some time the philosopher got scent of these things by a side wind, and he followed her up stairs one day to her dressing-room which she had turned into a museum, the sight of which touched the philoso-

pher's heart to the quick: "What do you want, you great blockhead?" said she, turning round at her door and seeing him creeping up stairs after her, "what d'ye hunt me about for?" saying which she put the key into the lock of the door inside and locked the philosopher out: She then took out her grand microscope, which was made of shining brass and highly finished, and set it out on a table directly opposite to the keyhole of her door and pretended to begin some exhibitions: The philosopher stood outside the same and put his eye into the keyhole, but in vain. Genevieve saw that the brass tongue had fallen over it, and put it aside; the philosopher tried again, and got a sight of the amorous Genevieve's whole apparatus! He knew in a moment what it was and fell into a rapture at the sight of it! He knocked at her door, begged and prayed to be let in—but in vain! so the poor philosopher was e'en forced

forced to stand outside the door and see Genevieve and her microscope, through the keyhole. It grieved her heart to hear the poor man beg at her door, and she felt a sensation which she never had felt before at the prayers of any man ; but she obeyed the artful Lady Charlotte's orders, and let him stand and peep and beg, and beg and peep for an hour. Poor Acerbus had long since been saving all the money he could scrape together to buy a microscope, and had not yet got enough to buy one of inferior excellence, but when he saw through the keyhole that Genevieve had got one of the very best that could possibly be bought for money, the sight of it made his heart leap within him. " Pray, Jenny, let me see your microscope," said he. " Get along, you impertinent coxcomb," said she, " how do you know what I have got ?" She then took out a very fine case of outlandish insects, and held them so full before

the

the keyhole as to give him a sight of a collection that had cost her twenty guineas. The philosopher was in agonies, and scarce knowing what he did, began to push the door. Do or say whatever he could, however, the cruel puss would not let him come in, but had the barbarity to run to her door and put the brass tongue down over the keyhole, and the philosopher could see no more. Upon which he took his book out of his pocket, sat him down at her door and read till she came out at it, but she locked it after her. Now he grew extremely earnest with her to be shown her curiosities, but she put him off. The philosopher was always getting to her keyhole, and, what instructions the artful Lady Charlotte had given her friend in the management of her keyhole we cannot say, Génevieve, however, shewed the philosopher a great many odd things through it; and how could she tell, with a thick oak door before her eyes,

when

when he was at her keyhole?—It was impossible, for her garter coming loose one day, she tied it, by some accident, just opposite to the keyhole, and showed the philosopher, amongst other curiosities, one of the most beautiful ankles in the world! His favourite pointer, Ponto, who was in Genevieve's dressing-room, jumped up at that moment, smelled his master and ran to the door and whined. Genevieve caught the dog up in her arms, and, giving him half a dozen kisses, put him out at it, and said, "Get along, you nasty toad! I can't think what it is that brings you here!" Acerbus saw her kiss the dog through the key-hole, and was not a little surprised at the difference of poor Ponto's treatment inside and outside the door, for he came out with a piece of sweet cake in his mouth. The philosopher now made a push, whether Genevieve's pretty ankle ran in his head or what, and got his body, no small one, be-

tween the door and the door-post, so that Genevieve could not shut it again. Now such a great strong creature as she was, might easily have pushed him out and shut her door, but, seeing him eager after something, she did not do it, and, though she called him a hundred blockheads, she would not have hurt him for the world: she gave way and he came in, but there was nothing to be seen: he pressed her again, with more ardour than ever, to show him her collections of insects and her microscope, but alas, this was not what she wanted him to press her for! yet it pleased her too to have the man whom she so fondly loved press her for any thing. Now when one sees another fond of what oneself is fond of, one cannot help feeling a little fondness for that person whose likings suit our own: Genevieve's excessive beauty often attracted the eyes of the philosopher, but he always had contented himself with a look, but now a sigh

sigh escaped her, and there was a soft suffusion in her eyes which might have been more easily construed than a sentence in Aristotle. "My dear Jenny," said he, "pray grant me one thing." She asked him what it was, and for some reason, dropt her chin upon her neck and blushed. "Nay, Jenny," said he, "it is nothing to blush at."—She wished it had been!—He took her hand, but she did not box his ears as she had served others, but stood as still as a mouse and did nothing but blush. "What do you want, you fool?" said she, gently twisting her hand as if she had no mind to take it away from him. "Pray let me see your microscope, Jenny?" said Acerbus. "What will you give me," said she, half yielding, "to show you it?" "Dear Jenny," said he eagerly, "I will give you any thing—I will give you a kiss to let me see it!" Now this the philosopher had often done at meetings and at partings, and

 thought

thought no more of it than what a little kindness came to, and Genevieve had as often returned it, as a relation might do, without dreaming of a blush: but the philosopher was now taught how one kiss differs from another, a difference which Porphyry hath not set down, and Aristotle himself no where mentions: now, instead of standing ready, as usual, to receive his kiss, Genevieve blushed and turned her face away, which thing put the philosopher to his enthymemes.—"What's the matter now, my pretty Jenny?" said he, holding her hand, which was twisted round in his as she turned her back upon him, "you and I have kissed before to-day without making any blushing matter of it." "Get along, you great fool," said she without taking her hand away, "I am not in any humour to be kissed now," "Well," said he, "let me see your microscope, and it is no matter." Genevieve snatched her hand out of his

in a moment, and bade him leave the room. "My dear Jenny," said he, "I am sorry to have offended you," and following her to the end of the room, kissed her cheek, but with some difficulty, as she did nothing but turn her back to him—yes, he kissed her cheek and brought away a tear upon his lips: now if he had kissed her mouth it might have watered and the moisture been very well accounted for, but it came off her cheek and ran down from one of her pretty black eyes to meet the philosopher's lip! The philosopher very well knew what ailed her, for he was perilous shrewd at the solving of problems, and a deep dog at the analysis of compounds into primitives. "I love you, my pretty Jenny," quoth he, "because you love what I love," and, although he had his arms round Genevieve's waist, she never once knocked him down, as she served Lord Delamere, or Colonel Barret, no, nor boxed his ears, as she did little Cocky's.

"Now, my pretty Jenny," said he, and kissed the other cheek—the devil must be in Genevieve to bear all this!—"Now, my pretty Jenny," said he, "let me look at your microscope, and your foreign insects!"—Genevieve wished the insects and the microscope at the deuse, for she was wofully afraid that all this kissing came from the wrong end at last,—videlicet, curiosity. "Let me go," said she, standing as still as a mouse, "let me go, you great ass!" and, if it had not been too cold, one would have thought she had been turned all into marble, her tongue excepted, which was the only thing about her she was able to move: no, she was not quite as cold as a stone, though she stood like a statue, for she burnt the philosopher through her clothes. Now the philosopher never had had a woman in his arms before, and, though he had tried a great many experiments in natural philosophy, had not a guess until that moment what an asto-

astonishing matter it was to have such fast hold of a fine woman: lizards, butterflies, moths, bats, toads, all the tribes of aptera, diptera, and coleoptera, and the grand compound microscope at their tails, all left his brains together, and he did nothing but stare at Genevieve's beautiful face, and delightful person, as he held her in his arms: she tried to be very angry with him but could not for her heart; she tried to put on a frown but could not find one that would stick for a moment upon her brow!—no! her eyes were as soft and as moist as the dewy stars of eve, and her heart fluttered like a leaf agitated by the breath of the zephirs! Indeed, reader, that is a very pretty sentence, we hope that you are ten times as much charmed with it as we are. But it is high time that the philosopher should release Genevieve; we think you must blush, fair reader, at the shocking situation in which she stands—no, no, don't blush now, sweet

one, blush when your lover holds you just in the same manner as Acerbus held Genevieve, and that will make him hold you the faster.—But the imperious Genevieve begins to struggle for her liberty, and anger at last comes to her aid, she flung out of Acerbus's arms in a moment, threw herself upon a sofa, and wept: Now the philosopher ought to have sat down by her and cried too, but he had too little of Heraclitus in him for that: it came into Genevieve's head that instead of buying a trap to catch Acerbus, she had laid out her money in buying nothing in the world but rivals, and that the philosopher was in love with her insects and her microscope instead of her, and so she grew angry first and then broke into tears. The philosopher looked at her awhile as she sat leaning her face upon her hand with her wet eyes cast down upon the floor. "My lovely kinswoman," said he, "why weepest thou? If I am the cause

cause thereof the cause shall be removed, and the effect will cease; but answer me"—"I'll answer no such fool," said she. "Well," said he, "but may not a fool sometimes ask a wise question?" "When you ask a wise question," said she, "you may expect an answer." "What is a wise question, Jenny?" said he. "Not that, you great ass," said Genevieve. "You used to love me, Jenny," said Acerbus, "do you love me now?" "Another fool's question," said she. "Am I not to believe it then, had not you rather wish I did?" "I have no wishes about such nonsense," said she. "You thought the question worth an answer, however," said he. "I might not, and yet answer it," said she. "May not you love me, Jenny, and be angry with yourself for loving one that so little deserves to be loved?" "What do you mean by love, you blockhead?" said Genevieve. "An eager wish to possess some good thing," said he.

"You have a fine opinion of yourself, Mr. Philosopher." "Nay," said he, "but may not you love me and mistake me to be what I am not, and cease to love when you know what I am? Is not Cupid painted blind?—Why, Jenny, what is it that makes you blush so much? I cannot talk to you now without putting you into a flutter: how comes this?—it had not used to be." "Get out of my room, sir, you have no business here," said she. "Would you have me do what you would rather have me not do?" said the philosopher, "or not do what you would have me do by doing what you bid me do?" "Get along, you great hobgoblin, and take your abominable paw off my shoulder—I will throw the table at your head!—get out of my room, I say, I have some experiments to make with my microscope—you grinning jack-a-napes."—"Ah Jenny, Jenny, sweet, lovely, pretty Jenny—" "You fawning fool,"

said

said she, "you shall not see my microscope."—"Come, show me your microscope, Jenny, I will promise to touch nothing.—But it is no matter for your microscope if you will let me sit here and look at your pretty face." Genevieve's cheek became scarlet at this; to hide her face she leaped off the sofa, and taking her microscope out of its case put it upon the table before the philosopher, who soon saw that she had bought a thing that she did not at all understand how to use. Acerbus was perfect master of the whole apparatus, and Genevieve was astonished to find so much entertainment in a thing that she knew no more how to manage than a cow. After having made some curious exhibitions, for the instrument was very excellent, "Jenny," said he, "you bought this thing on purpose to please me, and, but for pleasing yourself by pleasing me, it could not be to please yourself, forasmuch as you cannot be pleased with what you do not under-

understand." "Come, teach me then," said she; and they soon fell to prattling together. But as the philosopher said very little but what another man might say in his place, we shall not put his words down here, and add no more than that he came out of Genevieve's museum when the butler knocked at the door to call her to dinner, for neither of them heard the first or second bell, though the bell rang loud enough to be heard ten miles. It was a wonder, reader, was it not? that thephilosopher came out of Genevieve's museum without broken bones. But after all she could scarce tell what to make of what he said about love, if to take it as a proposal, or the kindness of a cousin; and here she stood, poor woman, in cruel doubt, though he called her face a pretty one. She had so far warmed the philosopher, however, as to put him in the head of a wife, and he had some talk with his father and mother, and Old Crab,

upon

upon the subject, for there was not one eye in the whole family but saw how Genevieve doated upon Acerbus, for as to concealing her love for him she might just as well look to conceal a house on fire. Old Comical, who had a feeling heart, said one day to him, " Ah Buzzy, you will let poor Beauty," for so he always called Genevieve, " you will let poor Beauty die for love of you; put Plato upon the shelf and take down old Ovid, he'll tell you what to do with a poor love-sick maiden—she'll make a delicious sweetheart, Buzzy." " John," quoth the philosopher, " the maiden shall not die." A few days after, Genevieve, seeing Acerbus come into the garden reading the divine Plato as he walked, threw her glove in his way, and watched him behind a rose-tree: when the philosopher came to it he picked it up and put it into his pocket: walking on he presently met Lady Charlotte Orby, who had been gather-

ing

ing some strawberries for her mother. —She saw the glove hanging out of his pocket, and fell a-laughing. It were odds but he had passed her without knowing it, but her ladyship's laugh awakened him from his Platonic dream, for he was deep in the Timæus, when he lifted up his eyes, and beheld Lady Charlotte, who pointed at the glove and laughed as aforesaid. Genevieve, who had been watching them in the rose-bush, now came up. "So," said Lady Charlotte, "our philosopher must certainly be in love, look, he walks about with ladies' gloves in his pockets!—I suppose his pockets are full, see, one hangs out for want of room—I can't think whose glove that is now." Genevieve blushed. Upon which her ladyship had the boldness to twitch the glove away, and turning down the arm of it exhibited Genevieve's name written on the inside of it. "I have long since had my suspicions," said she, "but when a lady

gives

gives a man her glove to play with, it is a sure sign he may have her hand too if he pleases: but you will be better company without me," added she, running away, laughing as she went; a spiteful toad!—Genevieve and the philosopher were now left to themselves, and one looked blue and one as red as fire. "I am come to look for my glove," said Genevieve, in a flutter. "There it lies," quoth the philosopher, pointing at it as it lay, for Lady Charlotte had thrown it between them on the walk. "How came you by it?" said she. "I saw it lie on the walk and picked it up," said he. "Did you know it to be my glove?" said she. "How could I chuse," said he, "when your glove is bigger than any body's glove that I know?" "You might have let it alone, I think, and not made us look like two fools," said she. "Did I look like a fool?" said he. "I felt as if I did," said she. "Is that any proof that I looked like a fool?"

fool ?" said he ; " cannot you look like a fool, Jenny, if you please, without my looking like a fool too for company ? What was there in this thing to make you change countenance, and why did you put yourself into the rose-bush ?" " What d'ye mean by that, sir ?" said Genevieve in confusion.— " Mean !" quoth he, " why, I saw you throw your glove on the walk after you looked which way I was coming, and then hide yourself in the bush— now, prythee, my pretty cousin, what could you mean by this ?" Genevieve was in a pucker, and bit her lips till the blood dropt upon her bosom.— " Well, well," continued he, " I will answer the question for you, my pretty kinswoman : you are willing to be my mate, and make signs of what you cannot speak : come, pretty Jenny, for indeed I think you pretty, you shall be my mate and I will be your mate, my pretty kinswoman, and we will be man and wife together. I have found

out

out your love, and will give you love for love: I have broken the matter to my father and my mother, and my good uncle Bartholomew, and my good aunt, and all think well of a wedding between us; and so my sweet pretty Jenny, I will kiss your sweet lips, if you please, upon the bargain." Upon which he made a mark with his thumb-nail in Plato, lest he lose his place where he left off reading, and shutting up the folio, put it upon a little bench, then folding his arms round Genevieve's waist gave her a hearty kiss upon her lips; after which, taking up Plato, and opening the book, he walked off reading Greek, and left Genevieve to her meditations. Now if she had known what an impudent thing the philosopher was going to do, she certainly would have boxed the philosopher's ears like a Fury, while he was marking his book with his thumb-nail, and putting it down on the seat; but how could she know it? She could

not

not help standing still to be kissed, when she did not know what it was that were coming. It were very well if every lady had so good an excuse for getting kissed as she had, for many get kissed without any excuse at all; and that is very indecent, sad toads!

Now it is no very easy thing to describe the odd way Genevieve was in when Acerbus left her, as aforesaid, to her meditations: in the first place her lips had never been kissed by any man before, so that was quite new to her, and the first thing she did was to fall into a great passion at the philosopher's impudence, and threaten him vehemently against the next time he should take such liberties with her august person: as soon as that passion was over, she fell into another with herself, for not falling into a passion with the philosopher sooner, which might have prevented the said liberties; as soon as that was over, she fell into another, and that was with herself too, for not being

being more angry than pleased to be kissed neck and heels in such a manner; and then she fell to spitting and wiping her mouth with her handkerchief, as if she had touched poison! She had not done yet, but still out of the frying-pan into the fire, she fell into another passion because the philosopher had found out what she would rather have him know, and had taken all the pains in the world to tell him, and that was that she was violently in love with him: then she fell into a passion of laughing, and then into another of crying, and after some other falls of the like kind, she fell back into the passion of love, and, what with the heat of the day, for it was a very hot one, and all these hot passions put together, and the last the hottest of all, Genevieve would have taken fire and been burnt to the ground, if she had not run down directly to the bathing-house and thrown herself into the lake. We must now put an end to this chap-

ter—

ter—but hold, we promised in our bill of fare at the head of it to say something about Old Comical :—Now there was a lady in these days named Madam Frances Funstall, who had a duke for her father and a dairy-maid for her mother, and lived at a neat little house in a village called Dillies-piddle :— Her noble father, seeing she was not like to be a beauty, left her in his will a legacy of ten thousand pounds, part of which she had laid out in a purchase of a house and garden, and lived upon the interest of the remainder like a gentlewoman of figure: now this was very considerate in his grace, for a woman without beauty and without money may get up before sunrise and look for a husband till 'tis dark, and then go to bed without one. As for beauty, Madam Funstall had not as much as she could cover with her hand, which was so small, and her fingers so short and thick that she could not shut it; she had the duke's nose only, all the rest belonged

belonged to the dairy-wench, it was red and broad and looked like a bit of spunge; furthermore it had maggots in it, for the flies always blowed it in the summer: her face was a black olive, as round as a cricket ball, her eyes black as pitch, her eye-brows very black and very broad and covered three parts of her forehead; her hair as coarse as a horse's tail, which shewed the strength of her constitution; her body was short and in shape like a brick; her legs were also short, and her feet broad both like a duck's, and she was like a duck in another thing, she waddled as she walked; her bosom was extremely prominent and large, and when she suckled her first child she had milk enough to spare to make two pounds of butter a-week, which Old Comical carried to market, whom she married, as may be said; she was forty years of age when he came a-courting to Dillies-piddle, spirited thereto by his brother's death, and, not only

coming

coming in, as heir at law, to all his property, but lord of the manor also of Cock-a-doodle, which was enough to make Old Comical proud, but he hated pride, so he still served Old Crab as bailiff, kept his place as the clerk of the parish, and went to market with his master's corn and cattle as of old time, but would no longer take any wages : his master took him in when he was in rags, and he would not leave him, he said, because he had got a new coat upon his back, if his honour would let him keep his old place, though he was now by far the richest man of the two : so he still held his place as bailiff and clerk of the parish, notwithstanding he were worth three thousand pounds a-year, and lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Comical's first Visit at Dillies-piddle—Further Accounts of Lady Charlotte and her Lovers—Further Accounts also of Genevieve and the Philosopher.—Old Comical moves the quill.

Old Comical was smoking his pipe in the porch at the farm, as it was his custom after his day's work was done, and drinking his ale, when Julia came running to him, and said, "John, papa wants you in the little parlour, he has got some very good news for you, he has, indeed, you look as if you thought I told a story." "Why, Rosebud," quoth Old Comical, "you are grown to be so full of fun now you have got your old sweetheart again, that a plain man scarce knows where to have you." "If I were not happy and merry too, John," said she, "having so great cause to be both, I should not

not deserve to be either one or the other." "You begin to see how things go in this world, my sweet rose-bud," quoth he, "sun and cloud, sun and cloud make up our days here; and, as for our nights, if a man can't sleep for the tooth-ache, or a maiden for thinking of her sweetheart, why, they must e'en lye awake, or get up and hang themselves! Ah, madam, you will be a great lady soon, and I must call you madam." "If I get proud at being a great lady," said Julia, "I shall soon grow to be a very little one—no John, no—no pride for me—and if I see you with a new face I shall be very sorry ever to have liked your old one: you were so kind to me when I was in trouble that I shall always love you for it; but you must be what you used to be for me to love you as I always used to do: you won my heart when I was a little girl, John; when you used to bring me pretty fairings from the fairs, ribands, and pretty beads, and ginger-
bread-

bread-nuts, and do or say what I could always paid for them all out of your poor wages. I shall not love you, John, if you will not come to my fine house, and call me your rosebud as you used to do—no indeed, instead of being pleased my heart will ache every time I see you if you use me like a fine lady."

"'Sume my body," quoth Old Comical, "if I am much given to throw my waters out at window, but you have such an odd sort of a way with you, Rosy, that you make water come out at a man's eyes in spite of his heart; but let us have this good news, Rosy, let us hear the good news!"—"I don't know what it is, John," said Julia, "but my papa said that it would turn your brains! he did indeed." "Well," quoth Old Comical, "if a man's brains lie the wrong side uppermost, the sooner they are turned the better, Rosy; where's master? in the little parlour?" "Yes, John, he is just going to take his afternoon's nap—he

has worked hard to-day—go directly—I am glad he has got some good news for you, because it will be good news for me too." "Ah sweet, sweet Rosy," quoth Old Comical, "the next time I meet George I'll bid him give you half a dozen kisses for me—aye, and stand by and see it done too, and if he does not do it well I'll make him do it all over again: 'sume my body if it does not do my heart good, Rosy, to see you look so fat again—when you were so ill and looked so pale, 'sume my body if my heart did not feel just as if a man had it in a lemon-squeezer!" "Come, come, John, do go —my papa will be out of patience." Upon which Julia ran out into the cow-pastures to meet George Grove, and Old Comical knocked at Old Crab's little parlour door: "Come in!" quoth Old Crab, "who is to wait all night for you, ye chattering scoundrel! what d'ye stand gossiping with my wench for when I send for

you?

you? Come in and shut the door you rascal—d'ye know that you are grown to be a better man than your master? you will go mad, or to the devil, for your good luck will be worse than the gallows!" "To run mad for good luck, your honour, will make a merry race of it: what's the matter?" "Matter, you dog, why, your brother died last week while I was in Northamptonshire upon my aunt's business: I called at his house and found him at his last—he has made you his executor —there's the will—you come in for landed property to the amount of three thousand a-year. He asked me if I were coming home, and, putting his will into my hand, ordered me to give it to you; when he took leave of me, and the rest who were in the room, fell into one of his fits and died." Old Comical turned pale at this intelligence, which was no little change for one who had such a red face, took his brother's will out of Old Crab's hand,

and ran out of the little parlour without speaking one word. Whereupon Old Crab took off his wig and hung her upon a candle branch; wrapt his head up in one of his wife's flannel petticoats, and forthwith took his afternoon's nap.

When a pardon is brought to a rogue at the foot of the gallows, a surgeon is usually sent along with it to let him blood upon it, lest the good news coming upon him all on a sudden, should prove as fatal to him one way as the halter would another: now Old Comical, it is true, was not going to be hanged, however he might deserve a bit of string for some of his old tricks—see what comes of letting a man alone in the world—who knows what turn a man may take? what if poor Old Comical had been nipped in his bud at the gallows! aye, just before his honesty began to bloom like a rose under the very nostril o the devil? there would have been a fine

fine example lost of repentance, watery repentance, and reformation!—Old Satan would have snapt at him like a cat at a bit of bacon—yes—like a cat at a bit of bacon, if he had been hanged before his guardian angel pulled his ear and gave him a touch with his elbow, as much as to say, mind your P's and Q's, old man: no, no, Old Comical was not going to be hanged as we were a-saying, and so far good news might be the less dangerous; it brought him trouble in his inward parts however, and what might have turned another man's brains turned Old Comical's stomach into confusion, uproar and astonishment. Adszooks, what a rumbling and grumbling, what a piping, what a squalling of the bowels! what a quarrelling and noise, what a piece of work there was in his inside! he felt as if he had swallowed a great rebellion and they were fighting for a new constitution in his belly! but he had no mind to

run mad for all that; for then, he would have been put into a dark room and had his money taken away. "Now," said he, shutting Old Crab's garden door, "I will see if I can get in time to be chief mourner at my brother's funeral, but as for crying, every body knows how little water I have to spare that way; folks will be disappointed if they take my eyes for a pair of water-squirts: what! come into three thousand a-year, and put my finger in my eye! A very small bottle will hold all my flittings. No,—as for weeping, we will leave all that to be done by all such as come in for nothing by the death of the departed, they may weep with a better grace, and never be suspected of hypocrisy: no, no,—no weeping, tears have nothing to do in the matter, for my brother is better off, and so am I; then what occasion is there for crying when there is no harm done on either side? a good friend is gone, it is true,

but

but when he has done us all the good he can do, and left a world of troubles for a better, he would call me a fool if he saw me fall a-crying, and tell me so to my face, if he could speak his mind.—Upon which Old Comical shut Old Crab's garden door, as aforesaid, put on his best suit, and sat off for the manor of Cock-a-doodle. Now having settled all matters to his mind, paid his legacies, settled the widow in her jointure house, and put a good tenant into Cock-a-doodle hall, he gat him forthwith into a post-chaise, and galloped into Old Crab's farm-yard with four horses and two postilions, a tankard of strong beer in his hand, and a long pipe of tobacco in his mouth, with the end thereof sticking out of the post-chaise window. Old Crab, hearing a great noise among the pigs, and a cracking of whips, as he sat in his little parlour, came forth at the moment Old Comical drove up to the backside of the house,

for he had too much modesty to come up to the grand entrance. "Why, you scoundrel!" quoth Old Crab, "I expected you to run mad, but this is not the way to Bedlam, what the plague d'ye come here for?" Upon which Old Comical, pulling his head and shoulders out of the tankard, for it was a monstrous jug, big enough for a man to bathe in it, said, "Look you, master, I am as much your humble servant to command as ever, for all I am lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle," blowing a long pillar of smoke out of his mouth through the chaise window: "you have been a noble master to me, took me in when I had nothing but rags upon my back and raw turnips in my belly, fed me and clothed me, and 'sume my body if I ever leave your farm as long as you will let me work for you! no, no,—you were my friend when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, and 'sume me if I ever forsake you now I have three

thousand

thousand pounds a-year and am lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle!"—Upon which Old Comical gave his tankard to the post-boys, and a crown a-piece to comfort their constitutions, on the road, as he told them, threw off his coat and waistcoat and went afield with the next empty waggon, for Old Crab was in the middle of his wheat harvest. And this brings us down, as it were by a regular flight of steps, to Old Comical's first visit, as a lover, at Dillies-piddle: It was Sunday morning, and Madam Funstall sat tackled out in her best apparel at her breakfast table, when Old Comical rang at her gate with a calf's heart in his hand, a great skewer stuck in it, and the blood all trickling through his fingers: Madam Funstall cast her radiant eyes through her window, as she sat sipping her tea and brandy, saw, and knew him in a moment; for Old Comical, long since her ardent lover, used to stick her pigs and singe her bacon and

never told his love: and how should he dare, when he was a day labourer on Old Crab's farm, at a shilling a-day and his victuals? He had been fain to hide till now the slow-consuming fire, till fortune smiled; of these her smiles, however, Madam Funstall of Dillies-piddle as yet knew nothing: Now Madam Funstall had a maid whose name was Keziah, "Cazy!" said she, "go to John Mathers, he is at the gate, and tell him we never kill pigs o'Sundays:—we shall have a porker fit to stick on Wednesday next, bid him be with us at six o'clock in the morning; stay, now I think of it, he was not paid for the last, here, take him his shilling and give him a horn of ale, I dare say he is come for his money." During this talk, Old Comical, feeling a little indignant that a man of his appurtenances should be made to stand at the gate, gave the bell t'other touch, when out came Cazy, "You had best pull the bell down,

down, had n't you, you hang-gallows rascal!" quoth she; "what the plague d'ye come to dun people for your hog-money o' Sunday mornings?—I have a good mind you should be beat off without your ale, though my mistress bade me draw a horn of the sixpenny, tearing at the bell as if you were a lord or a duke, you frightful old plague!"—saying which she flung a shilling's-worth of half-pence directly into Old Comical's face, some of which flew into his mouth, which was open to make answer, and some into the bosom of his shirt, whence they slid down into his breeches. "'Sume my body," quoth Old Comical, "I am come for no horns of ale, or any other horns, here!" spitting the half-pence out of his mouth—which he disdained to pick out of the dirt, where the saucy baggage had flung them in her passion; "you, and your ale and your hog-money may go to the devil for me, I came for neither the one nor the other, nor for ill words

neither, and I'll teach you how you ought to talk to your betters presently, or kick you out of the bishop's jurisdiction!" "My betters! who are you?" quoth Cazy—" my father's a leather breeches maker, and my mother sells black-puddings, tripe, and sausages, and pray what ditch did you come out of, you hedgehog! The parish has put a new suit of clothes upon your back and turned your head upon your shoulders, I think." "Ah, you saucy slut," quoth Old Comical, " this comes of your mistress's trusting you with the key of the ale cellar; a man may stand at the gate, and ring his heart out, while you are swilling at the cock, with the spiggot in your hand and your mouth at the fosset! I remember when you first came into this house, as lean as a ferret, and as hungry as a weazel; when your father and mother kept you upon old leather breeches and the skins of black puddings, and sent you to the horse-pond to wash

down

down your dinner! then you were thin and civil, and now, after a year's keeping under Madam Funstall's dripping-pan, you are got as fat as a ball of grease and as saucy as the devil!" "I dine upon old leather-breeches! I eat the skins of black-puddings!" quoth Cazy: "what d'ye mean by that, you lying old ballad-singing rogue? what have you picked up at the parson's? Ha? what did you bring to his doors besides a bag of bones, and ballads and a three-legged stool? Ha? what had you upon your back but a bundle of rags, and what in your belly but turnip-tops, rotten apples, cabbage-stalks and wind?" "You prating young minx," quoth Old Comical, pulling his quid of tobacco out of his mouth and putting it upon the gate post, "have you forgot that I can speak the English tongue as well as you? If you have I will put you in mind of it presently in a gentle whisper, sweet as the breath of eve, that

holds

holds soft dalliance with the summer rose, you termagant young draggle-tailed gipsy! rags upon my back! yes, I had, and 'tis more than you had when you came to Madam Funstall's kitchen fire! Had you a rag on your back when you came in, as naked as a worm and as hungry as a kite in a hard frost, to lick Madam Funstall's greasy plates and dishes? Ha, breeches-maker's daughter? answer me that! Who clothed your carcass, washed your face, filled your belly and killed your vermin, ha! answer me that, my lady! How many hundred thousand did Madam Funstall hire at once when she took you, and your lice, into her hog-sty to serve the pigs, scour her yard, wash her fore-court and backside,* an-

** Scholium.*

Backside.]—Applied, with decency, to the posteriors of an human creature: figuratively, a yard or court behind a house.—RIDER'S DICTIONARY. The word is used by the author in the last sense.

swer

swer me that, cows-tripe and chitter-lings! I remember when you ran about her house as rough as a rag-mop and as lean as a broomstick, when the cook could scarce keep your head out of the porridge pot with the kitchen poker, when you dashed at the mutton fat and beef dripping as hungry as a hound after a day's stag-hunting, when you would seize the meat on the spit before it was half roasted as ravenous as a starved savage, and not content with that sopped the cook in the pan and eat her, clothes and all!"—"I eat the cook! 'tis a blazing lie!" quoth Cazy, "I never ate a cook in my life, I'll take my oath on't!" "Ah, ye false young baggage, you eat Mrs. Veal, and Madam Funstall, hearing her roar, ran out to see what was the matter, and found nothing left but a piece of her checked apron hanging out of your mouth; when will you leave this sad trick of telling lies, you young jade?"—"If I did I am

am a murderer, and deserve to be hanged," quoth Cazy, bursting into tears: upon which Madam Funstall, who stood listening and laughing at her window, tossed up the sash and asked Old Comical what he wanted? "Madam," quoth Old Comical, pulling off his hat to shew his respect at once and his new wig, and bending his body to the earth, "I am come to speak a few words to your delicacy, should you but vouchsafe to lend an ear, Madam, sweet Madam Funstall, to the voice of your admirer, slave, and servant." Madam Funstall, well enough acquainted with Old Comical's oddities, bade him go and sit down in the kitchen, and said she would make an end of her breakfast, and come to him there, and repeated her orders to Cazy to draw him a horn of ale. "I had as lief draw him a horn of poison," muttered Cazy, as she marched towards the tap; "I eat Mrs. Veal, indeed! a lying old rogue!"—So the lord of the

manor

manor of Cock-a-doodle was e'en forced to take his old place in the kitchen and drink his ale, notwithstanding he was an esquire and worth upwards of three thousand pounds a-year.

Old Comical, it is true, was often invited by Mr. Decastro to dine at the castle, and that too at his own table, not only for the sake of his oddities, but upon the consideration of his family, which was certainly one of the first class and connected with many of the first rank; but, however this might be, others made him know his distance notwithstanding he was a gentleman's son, and had been bred at an university; for the honour and respect of the world is drawn by gold as iron by a magnet; and this accounts for Madam Funstall, who was as proud as a peacock, putting Old Comical into the kitchen, and there he sat in the settle, drinking his ale, and spitting brimstone at Cazy, when Madam Funstall came into it

it with her nose between her fingers, a custom with her when she came into such filthy places to speak to filthy people: Upon her entrance Old Comical rose up out of the settle, and presenting Madam Funstall with the bloody heart aforesaid pierced through with a large skewer, spake as followeth: "Madam," quoth he, "I am come to offer you my heart, pierced, as you see, with a dart, and dripping with blood to raise your tender pity!—this bleeding heart, which is a calf's heart, is an emblem of my own pierced too and bleeding too like this!—behold this iron skewer, it is an emblem of Cupid's arrow with which my heart is smitten and its tender substance divided!" Old Comical then flung his wig upon the bricks, and kneeling down upon it with one knee poured out his soul at Madam Funstall's foot. "Cazy," quoth she, "what beer have you drawn for John Mathers?" "A horn of the sixpenny, Madam," quoth Cazy. "Which

horn

horn? the great horn?" "No, madam, the little pint." "John," quoth Madam Funstall, talking in her nose which she still held fast betwixt her finger and thumb, "are you not ashamed to get drunk on Sunday morning?" "Radiant star!" quoth Old Comical, "put your longest spit into my body if I am drunk, or half drunk!" and gave her a look that made her doubt if he were in his right mind; "Madam," continued he, "in whom all virtues and all good things are mixed up, like suet, flour, brandy, plums and sugar in a pudding; I am come this morning to unbutton my waistcoat before you upon a certain matter, and lay my bosom open, spicy sweetness, to your view: there you sit, have sat, and ever will sit like a lady in a lobster, heavenly queen, enthroned, commanding all that is within this body and without it too, my liver and my spleen, my midriff, sweetbreads, pancreas, guts and heart! O Madam Frances Funstall!

stall! apple of this world's eye! O fruit of Heaven! the very gold on this world's gingerbread! butter of Paradise! angel in woman's flesh and petticoats, hear my prayer!"—"Why, John," quoth she, holding her nose over him as he knelt on his wig at her feet, "are you mad?" "Not mad," quoth he. "What then?" quoth she. "In love," quoth he. "With me?" quoth she. "With thee," quoth he; and forthwith laid his bald pate upon her foot, and groaned. "Hey-day!" quoth Madam Funstall, "you have stuck my pigs to a fine purpose, but you shall stick nothing more in my house, I'll warrant you!—you dare to make love to me that work for parson Decastro for twelve-pence a-day and your victuals!—Cazy, go this moment and fetch the constable and half a dozen stout fellows directly, we'll have him ducked in the first horse-pond, and set up in the stocks to dry!" "What!" quoth Old Comical, leaping

up,

up, "will you duck the lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle in a horse-pond? Read that, madam," added he, putting his brother's will into her hand, "and then say if a man of my person, kidney, and appurtenances does not deserve to be washed in better waters than the stale of a horse!" Madam Funstall took the will, and presently her thumb and finger from her nose, for Old Comical soon became as sweet as a roll of pomatum, accepted his present of the calf's heart, which she ordered the cook, in Old Comical's hearing, to boil in cream and spices for her dinner.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

Continued.

Old Comical returned to the farm as gay as a lark, and soaring quite as high upon the reception of his heart, and his successes at Dillies-piddle. Passing by Hindermark on his way home, he met Lady Charlotte Orby, screaming and crying out for help as if some sad thing were the matter. "O Mr. Mathers," said she, wringing her hands in agony, "run into that shrubbery, they will kill Mr. Lamsbroke! Oh run, run!"—saying which she fell down in a fit upon the grass. Old Comical, who had got his crab-stick in his hand to go a-courting to Madam Funstall, ran immediately, without seeing what happened to her ladyship, into the little wood, as he was directed, and found Lord George E. and the baronet,

baronet, each with a stick in his hand, beating poor Harry Lamsbroke without mercy, who lay on the ground at their feet. Old Comical, who was a rough sturdy fellow, as soon as he saw what was the matter, spit in his right hand, and, grasping his cudgel in it, gave the baronet a touch therewithal across his shoulders, which laid him at his full length on the ground, and, straddling over Harry's body, was in the act of offering his lordship too a taste of his stick-liquorice, but he wisely ran from the crabstick while it yet hung in the air. It is surprising to see how a man will run away from a good thing sometimes. Honest Mathers, having cleared the ground of his enemies, sat down, like a conqueror, upon the stump of a laurel, and, taking poor Harry upon his knee, began to rub his back, which had received the fury of the storm; when Lady Charlotte, who was recovered from her fit, came into the shrubbery, not a little glad to see

her

her lover in such safe hands; he had, however, been very severely beaten by his two rivals, and was so lamed by a blow which he had received on his knee, that Old Comical was forced to put him into a wheel-barrow and wheel him away. When he came to the castle Dr. Grosvenor was sent for to look to his wounds and bruises; and no two blacksmiths ever hammered a horse-shoe with more fury, or less remorse.

The proverb saith, "After sweet meat comes sour sauce:" this will now be seen in the account of this matter: Lady Charlotte had so managed affairs with Lord George and the amorous baronet, that they not only did not suspect her of any partiality for Harry, but were led to think that she really disliked him, for she made him her jest and her scorn in public, and carried matters so far as to induce them even to take his part, which they both often did, when they thought her raillery bore too hard upon him: she

told

told them that he had taken the confidence to make her an offer, and treated Harry with such derision upon it, that Lord George one day said he thought she used him very ill, and that her conduct towards a man who had confessed a regard for her was really barbarous; and, although he was of a temper to bear a rival as ill as any man, yet he must needs say that a civil refusal were enough, and added, that he did not like to see a man that had even paid his addresses to the woman whom he loved himself, treated with cruelty; and in this the baronet joined him, jealous, perhaps, that his lordship should carry all the honours of a man of fine feelings and generosity. "I think, my lord," said Lady Charlotte, "you speak as much like a philosopher as it is possible for a man to do who is none at all, and certainly like one who has great command over his passions as long as they do not dispute the point with him: as for this girl in boy's

clothes, (meaning Harry,) to tell you the truth, he is a very great favourite of mine, and I only laugh at him in public to cover my designs upon him and deceive others: you may think me in jest, and think Mr. Lamsbroke ill used, and since you call for quarter for him, I will make my advantage of it, and Mr. Lamsbroke shall walk with me to the castle to-morrow morning and attend me to church, and we will go by ourselves, too, and then we shall have a better opportunity of saying tender things to each other:" upon which her ladyship put her hand kindly on Harry's arm, and, giving him a very fond look, which was not understood by any person present except himself, for every body thought she was laughing at the poor fellow, said, "Will you walk with me to the castle to breakfast to-morrow, and go with me to my uncle's church? Nay, Mr. Lamsbroke, you look as if you thought me in jest, I am in earnest now, I am indeed; his lordship and the

the worthy baronet think I have used you ill, and I am willing to make you some amends; I have a giddy way with me, but I am really sorry if I have said or done any thing to offend you." Harry bowed, and looked serious, like one who had been made a jest of too often not to suspect one here. "Well, sir," said Lady Charlotte, "I am sure the pleasure you have in going to church will, if nothing else can, induce you to walk with me: I have not the vanity to reckon any thing upon the attractions of my company without so strong a motive, I might be more happy, perhaps, than you imagine if I could do it without any." Harry bowed again, and said he would go with her; upon which the ladies retired into the drawing-room; this talk having taken place after dinner at Hindermark. As soon as the ladies were gone every body took Harry's part, and condemned Lady Charlotte's conduct towards him unanimously. "Upon my

 soul,

soul, Lamsbroke," said Lord George, "you must be a fellow of no spirit to bear such usage from an angel, and, if there ever was an angel on earth she is one: you are my rival here, it is true, and, though Sir Harry and I have entered into an agreement to keep the peace with each other, I would challenge any man besides him whom I suspected to have the smallest prospect of success with her; yet, upon my honour, I must say that I think her treatment of you is unpardonable." "The least that a woman could do," said Sir Harry St. Clair, "is to use a man with civility, at all events, who has offered her the civilest thing he can offer on his part; I am astonished, Lamsbroke, that you will come to be insulted in this manner; she has rejected you, it is true, and laughed at you into the bargain, but she is willing to keep you in her train by the lure she flung out before she left the room."—"She is full of these accursed snares," said Lord George;

George; "what a spite it is that so much wit and beauty should be put into the hands of such a lovely inhuman creature!" "I do not think she means any ill thing by what she says," said Harry Lamsbroke; "but one might, I confess, construe something in one's favour out of what she said last."— "Speak not of favour," replied Lord George, "for, upon my soul, sir, from the moment Lady Charlotte Orby only shows you the least, she makes you and me the greatest enemies on earth, or on fifty earths: thus much is due to my passion for her; still sir, I will say, that she uses you extremely ill to hold out hope to make you more a jest, as she did when she left the room." "I don't think," said Mr. Grove, in a whisper, "that her ladyship has now any wish to change her situation, if she had she would not do any thing that would make a man afraid to marry her; for what must a man expect who marries a wo-

man of wit, whose malice is at least equal to her abilities to gratify it?"

"A great deal would depend upon the temper and management of her husband," said his lordship. "As to management," whispered Mr. Grove, "I don't think her ladyship would allow her husband to take much the trouble of that: I, for my part, would not marry such a tongue unless I had a mind to show with what patience I could bear to be flayed alive; I think I had rather marry Miss De Roma of the two, for, if we disagreed, she would knock my brains out at once, and put an end to my miseries upon the spot." "It is well laid out in Miss De Roma to set her cap at the philosopher," said Sir Harry; "she may knock him down without his knowing any thing at all about the matter," looking at Acerbus, who sat next him in a brown study. Harry touched his friend on the shoulder, and asked him if he heard what the baronet had said? The philosopher

started,

started, and replied, "The baronet must either have spoken well or ill, or neither: if well, it was so much the better for him, if ill it was so much the better for me who did not hear him, and there was no harm done if he spoke neither the one nor the other," saying which the philosopher shut up his eyes again, and returned to his brown study. Tea and coffee were now carried into the drawing-room, upon which Mrs. Grove, who never spoke a word if she could help it, erected a finger to the butler, her usual sign to him to call in the gentlemen, who immediately left their wine with great gallantry, and came when they were bid; and it would be well for them if they always did so, for the world would not be so bad as it is if the ladies had the management of it; but this is a great secret.

While they were at tea Genevieve, who had lost the philosopher, galloped to the gate on horseback, and was very

glad to find him safe at Mr. Grove's, sitting in a corner, with his eyes shut, as usual. But not to digress, Lady Charlotte, upon Harry's coming into the room, called him to her, and bade him sit next her; "She had a mind," she said, "to recover her character, and would not be called cruel when, in her heart, she loved Mr. Lamsbroke." Upon which she said and did a great many kind things which certainly would have enraged the jealousy of Lord George and the baronet, if all had not been taken for a jest: so that she and Harry made love to each other in good earnest in the face of all, without being, in the least, suspected by any; and her ladyship carried matters so far as to give Harry her hand to kiss, and told him she would teach him how to make love. Upon which Lord George said, warmly, "her favours must be held very cheap indeed by him, if he shewed no emotion at that being given to another which he might beg and pray for in

vain," and, thrusting himself between her and Harry, brought his chair in after him, which wedged Harry off to some distance. "Never mind that, Mr. Lamsbroke," said she, "to be forced apart will but increase our love." "You may crack your jokes as long as you please," said his lordship, "but no man shall take what I am refused as long as I set any value on your favours," and, offering to kiss her hand, he got a box on the ear, which did a thing which no box on the ear ever did before, perhaps, behold, it turned his lordship's hair into a wig all on a sudden, and it fell at his foot on the carpet, for none had a guess that his lordship put off another's hair for his own. His lordship was very angry and greatly confounded at this discovery, for his head was as bald as a wig-block; he picked up his wig and went to the other side of the room in a loud laugh, in which every-body joined, except Acerbus, the philosopher, who sat in a deep reverie

with

with the lovely Genevieve at his side, who could not live out of his sight, and had come to Hindermark on purpose to be with him: Acerbus was a very odd mortal, but, in addition to a fine person, was a good and worthy man.

It would be well if historians, as it would if others, would do their duty, and they are apt enough to neglect it, and therefore we think fit to give our brethren a jog in this place, not such a jog as Old Comical gave a man one day who knocked him down to put him in mind of a thing he were like to forget:—no—a touch on the elbow, to press the moral of things on their readers, as they push the pen along, as we shall now do in regard to his lordship and his wig; his shame and confusion came, you see, reader, from his attempt to deceive others: now, look you, reader, if you have a false nose, a leg which is not of the growth of your own proper body, or a wig, pull them

them off at once and shew them to every body, and then, if you have the chance to drop a nose, or a wig, it will beget pity and commiseration, and not, as in his lordship's case, contempt and laughter.

To return: Genevieve and the philosopher must needs be thrusting in their heads, but we cannot attend to them at present; we have got Lady Charlotte Orby in our hands and must proceed with her:—she thought fit to make an apology to Lord George E. for smiting off his peruke, and his lordship bowed, but was a little too angry to speak: after which there was a great deal said about wigs, and knocks on the pate, which was all very pretty, and some extremely sublime, quite equal to the highest flights of the historic muse, but we must beg leave to let the matter pass.

The next morning, which was a very fine one, the 23d of August, new style, Harry Lamsbroke arose and put

himself in readiness to attend Lady Charlotte on her way to the castle; she ran down stairs with her cheeks glowing like the rose to meet her love, and they sat off together: whether Lady Charlotte put her clogs on, or not, we cannot find; some say she was in too great a hurry and got wet in the feet, while others, again, assert that she not only put on her clogs but drew a pair of water-proof boots on over them, which she borrowed of one Charles Cabbagestalk, Mr. Grove's gardener:—But as in other histories, so in this, matters of the greatest importance must, at times, be left in doubt for want of documents.

To proceed: many private meetings having taken place between Harry and Lady Charlotte since we gave an account of their conversation in the meadow, fear and reserve had fled at the approach of love, and all those cold forms and ceremonies which keep ladies and gentlemen at a distance from

from each other were discarded by Lady Charlotte and her Harry, but yet it was "Sir," and "My lady," in public and before folks, while dear Harry, and dear Charlotte, were whispered in the private meadow or the lonely grove. The lovers had now come to a little shrubbery in their walk that bounded Mr. Grove's plantations which ran on towards the lake and the ferry, when Lady Charlotte, for some reason, sat herself down upon a little mole-hill—she could not be tired so soon—but, however, not to make a fuss about it, she sat down upon a mole-hill, and Harry, not to miss a good example, sat down close at her side upon another, which the moles had made on purpose, close to it: Harry then took her hand, a pretty little toy which he now used to play with, and began pulling her rings off and putting them on again, and presently he put one of them upon a certain finger, which made her ladyship blush and sigh at the same time;

"My dearest Charlotte," said he, putting his arms round her waist and fixing his eyes upon her glowing face, "how long must we keep our love a secret thus? Your father has consented, by letter, to our union, and your mother, though a little reluctantly, has now given her consent, notwithstanding Lord George E. is so much her favourite."—"Your safety, my dear Harry," said she, fondly smiling in his eyes, "is the only thing that remains to be consulted in this matter; you have two very dangerous rivals who will stick at nothing to take your life as soon as they know how much I love you."—"But my dearest of all dear things on earth, even my life itself not excepted," said he, "they must know this or we remain unhappy:—let us see if this cannot be contrived; let us sit here a little and consult about it, we are come a good way on our walk, and have some time to spare; if we can keep our love a secret,

cret, why may we not keep our union a secret too?" A thought came into Lady Charlotte's mind, which painted her lovely face and neck all over with vermilion:—"What impediment remains?" continued he; "my father, since you have contrived to give him an insight into the ruinous state of Lord George's affairs, no longer stands up for his friend with you, and, upon that ground, has given me his consent to marry you—come, my dearest love, let us take this advice, I know a friend who will, upon proper testimonials of the consent of all parties, unite us secretly—and, the ceremony once over, my enemies may make the best of it—O my sweetest love," said he, "say it shall be so," and clasping her in his arms kissed her two or three times, we cannot say which, but it is like he kissed her as long as she would suffer such barbarous usage.—At that moment, Lord George and the baronet, who had dogged the lovers, and, concealing them-

themselves in a bush at hand, overheard their conversation, rushed out, and fell upon poor Harry with their sticks without mercy, and it were odds they had left him dead upon the spot, if Old Comical, hearing Lady Charlotte's cries, had not come in with his crabstick in time to save his life.

Now some may object to this history that there is too much kissing in it, but if men and women will do such things who can help it? When a love story is a-telling, what will the ladies say to us if we do not come to particulars? What brings them into court to hear trials for adultery, if they do not wish rather to be squeezed to death than not come to particulars? If the ladies think a kiss is a good thing, will they not say, "Dear me! what a pity it is that a good thing should be lost!" If they knew that no more kissing were to come in it, would they not throw our history down and read no more of it? "Well," say the la-

dies, " if there is any harm in kissing, why do such grave folks as bishops and archbishops marry pretty women? If they only married ladies to put them into sermon-cases, lawn sleeves would not be quite so much to their liking.— Stuff and nonsense! An archbishop may take a lady in his arms with his lawn sleeves on and kiss her, and no harm done—if she be his own wife.

To return, and travellers must step aside if need calls, Harry Lamsbroke, to give him his due, when he saw Lord George E. rushing upon him with his stick raised, ran in to him, and would have wrested it out of his hand, if the baronet had not come behind him and struck him to the ground with a blow from a loaded cane—he then, poor fellow, lay stunned at their mercy, and was e'en forced to take what they pleased to give him, which amounted to a very severe beating, before Old Comical came in and diverted the gentlemen with his crabstick; and a little

little of it went a great way, according to the custom of very good things. Now as soon as Old Comical had cleared the ground, Lady Charlotte ran to poor Harry's assistance, and found him stretched out upon the grass sadly bruised from head to foot: this sad affair befel at a little distance from Genevieve's cottage, where Old Comical got a comfortable wheelbarrow, laid Harry upon some straw, and wheeled him away, for so he desired the thing to be, wheeled him away to castle: and it was very wisely done, for there he knew his enemies could not get at him, for when Lady Charlotte was there Mr. Decastro had refused them admittance. But they were not like to give Harry any further trouble at present, here or any where else as will be seen.

Now it came to pass, as the route lay through Old Crab's grounds, Old Crab met the procession. "What the devil have you got in the wheelbarrow, John?"

John?" quoth he. Upon which Lady Charlotte, who was walking in tears by the side of poor Harry's litter, told the story. "This comes of telling lies, you young jade," quoth Old Crab.—"Telling lies, uncle!" said she.—"Telling lies, uncle!" sung Old Crab through his nose—"yes, telling lies, you hussy!" "Telling what lies, uncle?" said she. "You're a crafty slut," quoth Old Crab, "and deserve to be hanged; if they had beaten his brains out it would have been your fault; you have been playing a pretty game, ye young toad, and they would have served you right if they had broken your bones for your pains; what business had you, ye young minx, to keep two fools at your tail for your sport, and be hanged to you? what could you expect when they found out the cheat but to get Harry's bones broken? I have stood by and looked at this game and expected how it would end: I wish they had laid the cudgel on the right

right back; but perhaps you are worse hurt than if they had banged your body instead of Harry's." Lady Charlotte had not a word to say, for she found Old Crab to be in the secret; so she stood one side of the wheel-barrow and cried. "The devil owed you a shame and I am glad 'tis come, you deceitful young gipsy; if my wench had played such pranks, I would have cut her head off." Upon which Old Crab dropt his eye into the barrow, and seeing poor Harry bleed sadly, he bade Old Comical make the best of his way to the castle; and, mounting old Crop, rode away to fetch Dr. Grosvenor.— Upon the doctor's arrival at the castle, he found Harry in a fainting fit occasioned by the loss of blood, his head being cut open in a terrible manner.— Genevieve soon heard the matter, and came instantly to the castle to comfort Lady Charlotte, who, upon finding Harry to be in danger, fell into great trouble. Old Crab called at Mr.

Grove's house on his way as he returned, and told the story, though he had not much time for talking, for it may be remembered that it was Sunday morning, so away went old Crop with Old Crab upon her back, and a sermon full of weighty matter in his pocket. As soon as Lord George saw Sir Harry knocked down by Old Comical, he took to his heels and ran for his life: and it came to pass that when he could run no farther he stopt—what are another's bones to a man when his own are in any danger? Not a straw—a man cannot get broken bones mended for nothing—it is devilish dear work—and 'tis best to take care of them: so Sir Harry thought, who crawled away as fast as he could upon his hands and knees, for Old Comical made a quadruped of him; yes, crawled away into a great wood of stinging nettles, for he expected that Old Comical's clapper would strike more than one upon his bell metal: but as good luck would have

have it he was too much taken up with poor Harry to look to any thing further than clearing the ground of his enemies. After lying by at least an hour, Lord George had the bravery to return to the field of battle, and poking his nose out of a thick holly-bush to see if the enemy held possession of it, the coast being clear, he came on to look for the baronet's body, whom he supposed to be dead from the great thump he heard given upon his carcass. He presently found his hat, which was a sign that the enemy did not look for plunder, and presently saw the head that belonged to it raised above the stinging nettles to see if the foe were returned to the field, and found a friend instead come to look for the wounded; and in good time, for he could not rise without help, hardly indeed with it: not knowing what might come of the beating which they had given Harry, they called a council of war, and agreed upon a speedy retreat: leaving a spy upon

upon the enemy's ground to bring in intelligence how matters were like to be, they fell back to an inn on the public road, and lay by till he brought them some accounts of Harry's situation which frightened them out of the north of England. They were forced to halt, however, in the first town they came to, and get a surgeon to look to the baronet's body, who laid him upon his face and rubbed as much rare stuff into it as came to five and twenty shillings, which some may think was more than the carrion he had about him was worth altogether. The baronet said he never had such a blow in his life, and if it had fallen on his head he would have kept that a secret; for to knock a man's brains out is one way to stop his tattling. Lord George escaped for the present, but he had a bill to pay which, like many others, he did not expect to pay. In regard to Lady Charlotte Orby, Genevieve said, she could very well excuse any

trick

trick being put upon such a couple of coxcombs who both pretended to be friends, and yet both pretended to be in love with her; she had no doubt, she said, that her ladyship's money was their object, and that they had formed a conspiracy to plunder her between them; be that, however, as it might, her friend she could not but say was in fault to bring an innocent person, and one whom she really had a regard for, into such danger. Old Crab stormed at her scandalous artifices, fraud, and deceit, and said that a lie in conduct was worse than a lie in speech. Genevieve, however, hurried away, and so did Old Crab, for he scarce got back to his church in time, though he never put poor old Crop into such a perspiration in her life: but the old mare happened for once not to be in a family way, which was a rare case with her, and she carried Old Crab over the country as if he were galloping after a stag. Genevieve was quite in as great a hurry

a hurry as Old Crab for his heart, and when she came to the castle found Lady Charlotte in a sad situation. Dr. Grosvenor had said that Harry could not live, the scull was certainly not fractured, but the symptoms in the head were very bad, and certainly proved that the brain had suffered a dreadful concussion. This intelligence was brought to Lord George and the baronet by a person employed for that purpose, and they made all speed out of that part of the world and all other parts that were within a hundred miles of it. Poor Lady Charlotte had been on the watch too, and picked up the sad news at Harry's door, where she placed herself to hear the doctor's opinion of Harry's condition: but her heart was too full to stay there any longer, and she ran into her apartment, where Genevieve found her when she came to look for her: the door of it was locked, as usual, when she came to it, and Genevieve knocked, and

called and called again, but was neither admitted nor so much as answered. When the doctor came to visit Harry in the evening, Genevieve told him that Lady Charlotte had locked herself into her room, would admit no person, and had neither eaten nor drank the whole day. The doctor said she must be attended to, and her door must be forced if she refused people admittance; upon which, as soon as he had done with his patient, he and Genevieve went to her room, but all knocking and calling were in vain; he ordered the door to be forced, when Genevieve set one of her vast shoulders against it, and sent it at one push into the room, and its lock and hinges along with it. Now the first thing they did when they came in was to look for Lady Charlotte; Genevieve undrew the bed curtains and found the bed in great disorder, but no Lady Charlotte! Poor girl! there lay her hat torn in two pieces on the bed, and several large locks of her pretty hair,

which

which she had pulled off her head in her distress! blood, too, was found upon the bed clothes, the sight of which turned Genevieve pale: almost every part of the room was searched which could conceal a mouse, but in vain, and the doctor, suspecting the worst, opened the window to see if she had thrown herself out at it, not thinking, at the moment, if she had that she might not be able to come back to shut it. Mr. and Mrs. Decastro, Julia, and Lady Budemere now came into the room, when Julia, after much wonder had been expressed at her getting out of the room and leaving the door locked, turned the door over as it lay on the floor to look, which the others did not think of, if the key were inside the lock, and to their greater astonishment it was found to be there: upon this they all stood staring at each other without speaking one word: Now Genevieve, who stood at the foot of the bed, which was a very large one, and

 had

had curtains on it large enough for the main-sail of a seventy-four, chanced to take a step back and felt something large through the curtain, which she immediately pulled aside and discovered poor Lady Charlotte clinging in a half senseless state to one of the bed posts: her eyes were fixed, her face was pale, her hair in disorder, and her bosom bare: her neck and her arms and her clothes were spotted with blood—she took no notice of those who stood round her: the ladies hurried out of the room in terror, all except Genevieve, attended by Mr. Decastro—when Dr. Grosvenor attempted, with Genevieve's assistance, whose tears ran down fast into her bosom, to get Lady Charlotte away from the bed-post: Genevieve used some force, but desisted through tenderness. It was in vain to speak to her, she took no notice at all of any thing they could say, and appeared to be in a kind of stupor: Dr. Grosvenor said that she must

must be taken away, when Genevieve unclasped her arms by main force and she made no further resistance, but suffered them to place her in a chair, and the doctor endeavoured to get a flood of tears from her, which he said must be done if possible: she remained, however, unmoved; Genevieve wept over her and said, she was sure she had lost her senses. The doctor agreed that she was in a dangerous way, and, begging Genevieve to stay with her till he returned, left the room: In the doctor's absence she took all the means which the doctor suggested to bring her to weep, but in vain; she raised her gently from the chair, and carried her about the room, and felt as if she had a dead lump rather than a living creature in her arms: she then tried if she could get her to walk, which she did slowly, but she soon ceased and hung upon Genevieve. The doctor now came into the room, and taking Lady Charlotte's bloody gown off put

another on her, and after Genevieve by his order had gathered up her hair, composed her dress, and washed the spots of blood off her face and neck, both of which she had wounded with her nails, her breast especially, the doctor said she must be brought into Harry's room, who was grown a great deal better than he had expected to find him: Upon which, Genevieve, knowing Lady Charlotte's temper, said she had best be carried there and left alone with Harry: of which the doctor approved, and Genevieve took her into her arms and carried her into Harry's apartment: As soon as she came into it, the doctor, who narrowly watched her, took notice that she moved her eyes, which she had not yet done, as if to look for something: the doctor said it was a good sign, and presently, seeing Harry hold out his hand to her as he lay on a sofa, she gave a faint scream and cried out "He's alive! he's alive!" and dropped her head on Genevieve's

nevieve's shoulder: poor Genevieve had a sad time of it, for she wept as if she would break her heart: Harry and the doctor did all they could to comfort her, when Lady Charlotte raised her head off Genevieve's shoulder and turned it quite round, as if to search for Harry: the doctor then bade Genevieve put her upon the sofa near Harry and left the room: but Genevieve, instead of going out with Dr. Grosvenor, slipt behind the bed curtains to be upon the watch. Harry, who was a good deal recovered, not knowing any one to be in his room but themselves, put his arm round Lady Charlotte's neck—he had but one he could use, poor fellow, and she fixed her eyes in a sort of dead stare on his face: Harry then kissed her lips, which seemed to rouse her like an electric shock, for she cried out "O my love! my love!" and broke into a flood of tears on his bosom. Poor Genevieve sobbed quite loud enough to be heard

by any person in the room, and do what she could she could not restrain herself; she found that they did not perceive it, however, and still lay on the watch, glad to find Lady Charlotte shed tears, which she now did very plentifully: Harry, who was the only person in the world at all like to comfort her, said he was a great deal better, and thought he should come down stairs and breakfast with her the next day:—there was a glass with some egg and wine near him which he persuaded her to drink; she seemed to be thirsty, for she drank it all—it was the only nourishment she had taken the whole day—when she had taken it she came close to Harry, and leaning her head on his shoulder received and returned his kisses with tenderness and rapture. Genevieve could stand her ground no longer, but stole unperceived out of the room, and told Dr. Grosvenor not all she had seen and heard, but as much as he wanted to know.

know. The doctor now came and knocked at the door, Harry called him in, when he found Lady Charlotte reclining on the opposite end of the sofa, quite overcome by the wine and egg which she had taken. Upon Harry telling her she should come again the next morning she willingly left the room, when Julia assisted Genevieve to put her to bed; the doctor followed to leave his instructions. Lady Charlotte owed a great deal of her agonies to her odd temper; she had piqued herself upon concealing her affection for this beautiful youth, whom she loved with all the passion and tenderness that the fondest of all female bosoms was capable of, and the discovery of the cheat, which she had carried so well, stung her to the quick; this, added to the shame she were like to owe upon it, and her terror for poor Harry's safety, were bringing her apace to a frenzy: the doctor said she had a

narrow escape—forbad the subject, ro any the least allusion to it, to be touched upon in her hearing, and gave hopes that all would be well in a short time with both of them, when they ought to be united, if possible, immediately. As the doctor said so it befel; in three weeks time all was well again, but the bruises which Lady Charlotte had given her bosom required the doctor's attention almost as much as poor Harry's wounds. Now we are on this subject we will add that as soon as Harry and Lady Charlotte were well, they both stole away in the night and not a soul could tell or guess which way or whither they were gone: her ladyship had put on great reserve, talked but little to any but her Harry, and seemed to have something more than common on her mind:—on being called one morning to come to breakfast, she, Harry Lamsbroke, and her ladyship's maid were not to be found!

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Genevieve said she was a very odd girl, and this escape was quite of a piece with the rest of her eccentric conduct: it was supposed that they would go and get married, and appear again one day or another.

CHAPTER V.

Genevieve and the Philosopher come again on the Stage—an Eye had to their matters.

THE sad effects of deceit appeared too plainly in the last chapter to need any further illustration in this.—We shall now turn our style to another love affair—surely the ladies will have enough of it:—one word to keep the dogs from barking—it is no disgrace, but an honour to the most modest woman in the world to be in love, and to be pleased with love, N.B. as long as it is innocent.

The philosopher could see that Genevieve was much in love with him without so much as one eye open, and he broke the matter to his father and mother and Old Crab one day as they sat together. "Buzzy," said Mr. Decastro, for so he used to call Acerbus,

"we

"we do not at all wonder that you have seen this thing with your eyes shut, it has long since been visible enough to us whose eyes are open, and, to tell you the truth, we have just been talking about it before you came into the room; and brother Bat says, it is high time his ward were settled in the world, for he tells me, which I could scarce believe, but time steals away, that Jenny is now three-and-twenty years of age; she has had a great many lovers, drawn, as she needs will have it, rather by the effluvia of her gold than the smell of her merits, and now declares, that unless she can find one to whom money is no temptation, she will never marry: as this is the case, I think she will scarce get a lover to her mind, unless a philosopher takes a liking to her." "You have found out at last," said Mrs. Decastro, "that she is in love with you, have you, Buzzy?" "Mother," quoth he, "in good truth I have." "Well," quoth she, "but how

do

do you stand affected towards her?" "Verily," quoth the philosopher, "I love pretty Jenny." "Come," said Mr. Decastro, "so far all goes well—what d'ye think of this, brother Bat?" "Why," quoth Old Crab, "I think the jade wants a husband, but she's a turbulent toad, I can hardly recommend her—Buzzy, you will get your brains knocked out." "Well," quoth the philosopher, "I am come for your advice, and will act under your directions; if you think ill of this matter I will return to the University; if well, I will tell pretty Jenny my mind with a loving kiss the first time we meet: what do you think of this matter, uncle? speak." "You dog," quoth Old Crab, "you will get your bones broken!—canst relish matrimony, dost think, with a cudgel by way of sauce to it? ha, Buzzy?" "If so it be," quoth the philosopher, "that pretty Jenny will give broken bones and the knocking out of brains by way of proofs

proofs of her love for a man, I will tell her, at first hand, that I will take her love for granted, without putting her upon the trouble of giving any such testimony of the matter: it will be time when I ask Jenny if she loves me, as if I doubted it, for her to come in with her proofs, and break my bones in order to convince me of her affection; but when a man admits a thing to be thus, or thus, there will be no need of any argument to enforce the belief of that which is already granted.— But, if it so be, that I am called upon for mine objections to pretty Jenny, my main objection is her money." Old Crab sucked up his cheeks at this, and Mr. and Mrs. Decastro fell a-laughing. "Very good, very good, and mighty well," quoth the philosopher; "but answer me, honoured sir: can that be a good thing that puts a worse thing in the place of a better thing, and turns out a good thing to make way for a bad thing?" "No, certainly," quoth Mr. Decastro. "It is well," quoth

quoth the philosopher, " it is very well :—but answer me, if a man be a good thing is it a bad thing if he be taken for other than a good thing?" " Certainly a bad thing," said Mr. Decastro. " Is a good thing turned out to make way for a bad thing if a bad thing be put in the place of a good thing?" quoth Acerbus. " If the good thing be put out," said Mr. Decastro. " Is any thing better than life?" quoth Acerbus. " No," said Mr. Decastro. " Is that which is a dearer thing a better thing?" quoth Acerbus. " Certainly," said Mr. Decastro. " Is honour dearer than life?" quoth the philosopher. " It is," quoth Mr. Decastro. " Then if what is dearer than life is better than life, there is something better than life," said the philosopher. " Brother John," quoth Old Crab, " thou'rt an ass." " Come, I confess it," said Mr. Decastro; " Buzzy has such a twisting way with him —but what's all this to the purpose?" " Is honour a better thing than money,"

ney," said the philosopher, or is money a better thing than honour?" "Honour must needs be best," it was answered. "Then if money come in and turn honour out, a worse thing puts out and takes place of a better thing even than life, or how?" "So it appears," said Mr. Decastro, "from what has been granted." "If honour be a good thing what brings hurt to honour must be a bad thing—is that true?" said the philosopher. "It is very true," said Mr. Decastro. "How!" said the philosopher, "is money a bad thing?" Mr. Decastro stared, and said, "No." "Can any love be good love which hath any other than a good thing for its object?" said Acerbus. "Certainly not," said Mr. Decastro. "Is that a bad thing or a good thing that brings the motive for a man's love in question?" said the philosopher. "It is a bad thing, surely," said Mr. Decastro. "Will not money do this?" said Acerbus. "In a marriage suit it certainly

certainly will," said Mr. Decastro. "Then money is not a good thing but a bad thing," said the philosopher, "but we this moment denied it to be a bad thing."—"So far, so far," quoth Mr. Decastro, rubbing his forehead—but, but, but"—"You look to be in doubt," said the philosopher; "let us see what can be done for you: can a good thing be a bad thing and a good thing at the same time?" "Why, no," said Mr. Decastro, "I will swear to that." "How!" said Acerbus, "is not money food to one and poison to another? and that, too, at one and the same time?" "Why, that's true again," said Mr. Decastro; "faith I did not think of that." "True!" said the philosopher, "how can that be?" putting a guinea down upon the table—"what is that, food, poison, or a guinea?" Old Crab gave Acerbus a look, upon which he said he meant no light thing, but to show the consequences of unconditional answers. "You are laughing at

at your father, you dog," quoth Old Crab, "d'ye call that no light thing? If you are wise your father will be; but if a son hath a fool for his father, he is the greatest fool of the two if he proves it to his face." "Come, come," said Mr. Decastro, "I know Buzzy's a good boy, and I love to hear him chop logic, though, I own it, I know nothing at all about the matter: but, I don't know how it is, he always makes me as giddy as a goose. Come, Buzzy, what has Jenny to do with all this?" "Why, sir, I said, to take a step back, her money was my objection to her, for what brings a good thing into doubt must needs be so far a bad thing, and put out a good thing to make way for a bad thing, for it puts out credit to make room for suspicion, for who takes a rich wife that will be thought to dislike her money? and who that takes a poor one will be thought to tell a lie at the altar? and who will not put a large fortune among the just causes

and impediments why two persons should not be joined together, if a man must needs purchase a wife at the expense of his honour? I know pretty Jenny loves me, and I can love pretty Jenny; but what can we do with all this money?" "Come, Buzzy," quoth Old Crab, "take it as the old philosopher took it when it was offered him—'not for myself,' said he, 'but to shew folks the right use of it.'" "Verily, uncle Bat," quoth the philosopher, "you are afraid that Jenny should die before she is married, and all her money come to you, for so it stands in her father's will, you say." "A plague upon her money!" quoth Old Crab, "I'll have none of it—I have as much as I want—I wish the toad were married once, though I don't want to see a poor fellow's head knocked off his shoulders." "She would not have had so much money if you had held your hand, uncle Bat; you made it more than it was at first," said Acerbus.

"Well,"

"Well," said Mrs. Decastro, "this is the first time any lover objected to his mistress because she had one hundred thousand pounds to her fortune." "As I live," quoth the philosopher, "few people know that more ill than good comes of much money; and this I could prove by a variety of deductions, but I am loath to spend your time."—"Brother Bat," quoth Mr. Decastro, "what can be done in this case?"—"Why," quoth Old Crab, "Buzzy must let the jade alone if he will not take her and her money for better for worse: then if she dies I shall be plagued with it—and some may think I keep her unmarried with an eye to it—Come, Buzzy, if you like the woman, take her, and we will see if we can tie her money up."—"Uncle Bat," quoth the philosopher, "I will have nothing to do with it, my father allows me plenty."—"Well," quoth Old Crab, "suppose we tie up the money in her own apron, if she hath

no objection—and she will not stick out 'tis like:—there are few women but are glad enough to get the command of the purse; she will not quarrel with any upon that score; it is what the sex will be eternally clawing for though their husband's eyes lie in their way to it."—"Well, well," quoth the philosopher, "if you can keep me out of the way of it, that is all I want." "It can be done as I say and left under her direction and appointment," quoth Old Crab. "My dear," quoth Mr. Decastro to his wife, "Jenny is in the library, waiting for Buzzy there, for I saw her go into it after she hunted all over the garden for him; I have been much amused with watching her—go to her and tell her there is a young man ready to pay his addresses to her if her money can be tied up so as not to bite him: go and sound her, but name no names." Genevieve at that moment came into the room, for the tea and coffee were brought

brought in, and blushed at the sight of the philosopher. "Come here, you jade," quoth Old Crab; "have you a mind to be married if you can find a man you could be glad to eat up at a mouthful?" "I am as like to eat a man as to marry one," said she, "as far as my mind goes in the matter." "Why," quoth Old Crab, "there is a man whom you could be glad to swallow, shoes and all, I know, if you could get a fair gulp at him!" "O my dear uncle," said she, crimsoned over head and ears, "how you talk—Lord!"——"Lord! aye, Lord indeed," sung Old Crab through the nose, "if you aren't in love I'll be hanged: come, I can find you a husband if you can agree to keep all your money to yourself."—"Aye," said she, "that's the trash they are all after"—"You hasty slut," quoth Old Crab, "hear a man speak and be hanged!—he would have your money"—"Then he shall not have it, nor will I have him, uncle," said she, "and so I will

I will save you further talking." "Ah, ye chattering baggage!" quoth Old Crab, "will you hear what I have got to say or wo'nt ye? The man would have your money put out of his reach, that he may save his credit in making such a rich gipsy an offer: what d'ye think of that? chained up, for he hates money as he hates the devil, and would speak his mind if your great bag did not hang in the way." Genevieve very well knew the philosopher's mind about money, which was one thing that made her so fond of him; she had the audacity to cast an eye at him as he sat opposite to her, but his eyes were shut, and his spirit was walking in the groves of Academus. "Uncle," said she, "this is strange news—and if it came from another I should take it for a jest." "Do you consent?" said Old Crab. "Pray, my dear uncle," said she, "who can this be?" "Let him name himself," quoth Old Crab, "when you see him; and if you don't see him it will not be

for

for want of looking after him, you slut, you make good use of your eyes that way." Upon which Genevieve handed the philosopher a cup of coffee, jogging his elbow at the same time to call his senses up, that were most of them fast asleep. As soon as Acerbus opened his eyes she darted her own bright stars directly into them with one of the sweetest smiles that ever charmed a man's heart. "Aha, Jenny," quoth he, "how long have you been here, we have been talking about you:"—Genevieve's face was as red as scarlet, for she took it into her head that it might just be possible that the philosopher was the man.: this put her into a flutter, and she spilt some of the coffee upon his hand.—It is supposed when folks are in a flutter that the animal spirits dash through their pipes into the muscles by spirts and jerks which breed those irregular motions that make people spill coffee upon the flesh of others that lie in the way of

that very terrible liquor, as it now happened—forasmuch as the philosopher got the backside of his hand scalded: she might have kissed his hand and made it well, but she was too proud for that. —One reason why pride is called a vice is because it keeps women from doing impudent things, and that is a pity. "What an aukward two-handed jade it is," quoth Old Crab; "who's to buy carpets for you to spoil?" "My dear uncle," said she, "an accident may happen to the Graces."—"I never heard of their spoiling people's carpets," quoth Old Crab, "not I, or brought in as a saving clause for a clumsy cow."—Old Crab was in a pleasant humour this evening. The philosopher arose with great dignity, and taking a folio edition of Plato's works by Marsilius Ficinus, walked into the shrubbery. "My dear aunt," said Genevieve to Mrs. Decastro, "I vow I have quite forgot to gather your roses, I will go and get them while I think

think of it," and out she ran after Plato and the philosopher. And now the ambuscado in the rose-bushes was laid, and the glove thrown in the walk with the hope that the philosopher might pick it up and eat it: this was a trap; it was but a glove: very true, it was only a glove: it was a great pity she did not pull off one of her stockings and throw it in the way: but of this thus far.—Hereafter Acerbus paid his addresses, as we have said, and made Genevieve so hot that she ran into the water, as hath likewise been said—so far this matter is topped up: very good—yes, topped up so far, but we must leave the rick to settle, it will take another load by-and-by.

Genevieve, on her way to the bathing-house, overtook Julia, who loved water like a fish, and was going to get a dip:—so she told the pretty milk-maid that she had a proposal from the philosopher, and said she should like vastly to be married the same day with

her, but did not know how to bring the thing about. "My day draws very near, Jenny," said Julia, "and I am frightened out of my wits whenever I think of it; it will be a terrible day, Jenny, don't you think so? and yet I look for great happiness in it; for it will make my dear George my own for ever."—"I believe it will your George; for Acerbus says, whom now, Julia, I will call my Acerbus, (I am the happiest woman in the world; I will not even except you, and I think you must be as happy as any, indeed I do.")—"Well, Jenny, but you don't tell me what it is that Acerbus says of my honey—sweet George?"—"Oh, I had forgot;—why," said Genevieve, "he says that George is a very good young man in a moral and religious sense, and that is the surest ground for a woman, by marriage, to make her George her own for ever; for there are a great many Georges, my dear Julia, that marriage will not make a woman's own,

as

as you call it, but every woman's Georges that will have them."—"My dear Jenny," said Julia, "how can that be, when my papa says, that if a man marries two women he will be hanged, if one do not die before he marries another?"—"Ah, my dear Julia," said Genevieve, "the thing is too shocking to be explained; I wish I did not know half that I know of the world; and that you may never know a fiftieth part of the ill that is in it."—"But, my dear Jenny," said Julia, "tell me how this thing can be, will you?"—"No, no, Julia, it is too bad: wait till you are married and ask your husband." "If there is any thing very bad in it, I don't think he will be able to tell me," said Julia. "Why," said Genevieve, "it is good to know what ill is, in some sense; but yet I think it is best to know nothing of it. I wish I knew as little of it as you know of it, Julia, and had lived, as you have lived, among the sheep and cows, whose innocent

lives put man to the blush, and raise the beast above humanity: I sincerely thank heaven for the escapes which I have had by its kind help since I have been made a show of in the world: I have ever wished, Julia, to be married; woman is made to be married; but of all the rubbish of the creation, viz. men of fashion, as they are called, that have made me offers, not one came forward but added a cart load, in his turn, to my detestation of the sex!—I must ever except poor Smith, but I have told you his sad story:—at last my dear Acerbus makes me amends for all;—Oh, Julia, I ever loved him—I will put my soul into his hand; he, I am sure, will make it eternally happy." "My cousin is a handsome young man, Jenny."—"It is nonsense, Julia; beauty is but a shadow—if you love George because he is handsome only, you build your house upon the sand." "I do not," said she; "but when George comes to marry me, I could be glad to see him bring

his

his beauty along with him too: our beauty, Jenny, will be something for George and I to play with while we are young, and when we grow old we will come to our stores:—Ah, Jenny, you think so, as well as I, I know very well." Genevieve said, with a fine blush, "Why, Julia, I do not think the worse of my Acerbus because he is a handsome man; I like him all the better."—"Ah, Jenny!" said Julia, and laughed. "I'll drown you, you toad, I will," said Genevieve, and, taking Julia in her arms, for they were in the water, taking Julia in her arms, gave her a good ducking.



CHAPTER VI.

The Earl of Budemere's Return to England—takes a House near Hindermark—his sudden Death—Genevieve and Julia's Marriages—Genevieve meets with a sad accident—the Philosopher retires to Oxford—Sir John Lamsbroke comes to Oaken Grove—a dreadful thing befalls Julia.

It would not be, perhaps, worth our while, if we had time, to inquire how it is that men of large estates come to be, for the most part, sad profligates? —Well, but who should be if those very people are not who have it the most in their power to be? Are they not educated with great fuss and very little pains? Are not all the school-masters in the world afraid of them? Who dares flog them when they are boys, and who dares to correct them when they come to be men? We, ourselves, bring the character of the Earl of Budemere with fear and trembling before

before the public, in order to be a warning to men who, like him, walk upon the quarter-deck of the world, lest they, like him, make a false step, and tumble overboard neck and heels as he did, fished up indeed by Old Crab, but almost drowned.—So, my lord, if you chance to read this, our history, take no such whim into your pate as that we hate great folks, and at the very moment, too, when we are doing them the best turn we can.—Pray, why are a great man's tutors and masters paid to be quiet and let him have his head? If they check him why are they turned out, and others of better tempers, and more willing to put their pay into their pockets, and give themselves and their pupil no further trouble, put into their places? Thus it is the young gentleman gets ruined, and who can help it, if the gardener is afraid to pull up a weed, lest he get turned out of his garden? The Earl of Budemere, of whom we are now to speak,

was bred in this way; he came into a fortune of forty thousand pounds a-year at the old lord's death, and took all his father's honours when his father could keep them no longer: he had a good constitution, and thought that one of the last things he should want would be health: he had a good estate, and thought that one of the last things he should want would be money: so he laid about him until he found he was mistaken in both cases. When he was one-and-twenty he had a woman stuck into his bosom by his friends, because they thought it fitting that he should marry, and knew better than he did whom he ought to chuse, and this lady was one of Mr. Decastro's sisters: he was civil to her, and she was civil to him, and that was something; but they never loved each other, and would have been the last people on earth, perhaps, that would have come together if they had been left to chuse for themselves: now, when Lord Budemere

could

could not find a woman in his own house whom he liked, he looked for one in another, which was likely enough, and not at all unnatural, and his lordship, to give him his due, was a good deal upon the look-out in this way, as, we think, hath already been pretty well shown: he never had more than one child by Lady Budemere, the beautiful Lady Charlotte Orby, of whom much hath been already said, and much more may be said: if he had had more, perhaps, he would have been less extravagant; as matters fell out, however, he came to be forty years of age before he had quite ruined himself, and there was some economy in that, when he had brought his affairs into such confusion that he really did not know what he could call his own. His lordship's matters being in such a sickly state, it was high time to call in the physician, and Old Crab, whose professional skill was well known, was applied to in this case, as we have said;

 which,

which, indeed, differed so little from Mr. Decastro's, that we need not come to particulars, any further than to say, that Old Crab, who spoke well of nobody and did good to everybody, after a torrent of abuse, undertook his lordship's case; but when he came to look into his affairs he found a very desperate case indeed; if money could be got it was taken on any terms; he found estates mortgaged for as much as they were worth, leases sold, timber cut down and disposed of at any price, strip and spoil on all hands, money borrowed in every way, and in the worst of every possible way; in short, no stone left unturned if a six-pence could be found, or could be expected to be found under it! Old Crab got into an ocean of hot water in this business, and came to such a quarrel with Sir John Lamsbroke, Harry's father, about a Newmarket debt which fell due upon some horse-race, that, upon being struck by the baronet with a whip, Old Crab took

took him off the ground, flung him down a stair-case, and broke his arm. If Old Crab, indeed, had paid all that was demanded, Lord and Lady Budemere might have come to the parish for their bread, if they could have made out a settlement; Old Crab, however, fought most nobly in the breach, and what by making large deductions from some demands, wholly refusing others, ploughing up two fine parks, turning them into farms, and letting them at good rents, pulling down great houses for which he could get no tenants, building less, and letting them to the best advantage, and other the like measures of prudence, fifteen thousand pounds a-year were saved out of the wreck of this noble property, and the family disentangled from the world. When he looked into matters he was not a little astonished to find Lady Charlotte's fortune not aboard ship when matters were in a sinking condition; for Old Crab knew that Lord Budemere had

the care of her money. But Lady Charlotte was a cunning baggage, and, like a rat, ran out of a falling house, and took her cash along with her, for some reasons best known to herself; and, as good luck would have it, she came of age just in time: the money stuck in his lordship's hand like pitch, but she brought soap and sand, and a lawyer by way of scrubbing-brush, scoured out every penny, and left his lordship's hands as white as snow:—what a nice thing it is to have clean hands!—"My father don't want money, sir," said her ladyship to one of his creditors, whom teeth and nails could not tear out of the house; "he has just paid me fifty thousand pounds:—Mr. Pettycraft," said she to her lawyer, "shew this gentleman the letter of attorney: if you are wise," added she, "you will be civil and leave the house." This was one of the conditions between the sly puss and her father: Mr. Pettycraft knew his

cue,

cue, and told the aforesaid gentleman as much as made for his purpose, who seemed to think that a man must be rich who could pay fifty thousand pounds, and was so civil as to leave the house for fear of offending his lordship, who grew to be a very terrible man on a sudden. Lady Charlotte was certainly in the right to get hold of her fortune, but not quite so right, some may think, in the means she took to do so. Money is the saliva of the devil.—After a great deal of trouble and a great deal of quarrelling, Old Crab did much more than any one ever looked to be done for him, indeed he risked his life in his lordship's service; for, as he was returning to London out of Berkshire, he was way-laid, and shot at by one of the creditors, whom he killed on the spot with a blow struck with his fist upon the man's heart; a bullet went through Old Crab's wig, and carried half his ear along with it. Upon his return into the North, after he had

paid

paid all, and counted what money was left in the bag, he said to Lady Budemere, one day after dinner at the castle, "You may send a letter, if you will, to your husband, and tell him we have bit of bread left for him if he hath a mind to come back to England and eat it." Upon this he flung a scroll of paper into her lap as she sat opposite to him, that contained the totals of receipts and expenditures, with the balance left in their favour, which appeared to be fifteen thousand pounds a-year. As soon as Lady Budemere saw it she kissed the paper and wept.—Upon getting a little self-command she began to pour out abundance of gratitude and thanks:—"Aye, aye," quoth Old Crab, interrupting her, "that will do, that will do, the less you say about it I shall be the more pleased:—there, get along and write to your husband, if you think him worth the trouble;—don't stay here and set all the women a-snivelling;" which, indeed,

was very much the case, for Mrs. Decastro, and Mrs. B. Decastro, Julia, and Mrs. Grove, who were present, Genevieve had left the room to walk with Aristotle and the philosopher, came down with a great deal of salt water upon the occasion, and shed tears enough, if all had been put in a pond together, to swim a brood of ducks.

Lord Budemere was then at Paris, and, upon the receipt of his wife's letters, came immediately to England, and joined the party at the castle, took a house, belonging to Mr. Grove, near Hindermark, and, in imitation of Mr. Decastro, had a mind to live retired from the world; but, while the house was getting ready for him, he retired from the world in a way he did not expect, for his lordship died of an apoplectic fit, occasioned, as Dr. Grosvenor said, who was called in when he might as well have been called to York, by the excessive joy he felt upon the news of his affairs being so

well

well settled, and himself and all his concerns disembroiled from the world. We are running a little before the time here, but must say a few words, and beg the reader to excuse their coming a little out of order, upon the meeting between his lordship and Mr. Grove. The Hindermark family were on a visit at the castle, when Lord Budemere, who came from Paris as soon as he got the better of an illness, which held him there several months, arrived, not unexpected, for he had named his day, when the first person he fixed his eyes on, coming into the room, was Mr. Grove. People who have been bred in courts will meet the devil himself without a sign of any emotion; his lordship paid his respects to all persons present with that ease and elegance which good breeding gives a man, and coming to Mr. Grove he offered him his hand, which Mr. Grove refused, making his lordship a bow in silence. "I think, sir," said his lordship a little angry, "after

" after what happened at Bath, the least you could expect was any offer of civility on my part; the moment I saw you I came to a resolution to be silent upon it, and take, perhaps, a fitter opportunity to get your unaccountable behaviour there explained to me; but I confess that, for some reasons, I am not sufficiently master of myself to wait for such explanation beyond the present moment, explain your abrupt departure, sir, and your ill usage of me and my family!"—Upon which Mr. Grove was carrying his nose, as his custom was, up to his lordship's ear, in order to deliver a little whisper into it, when Lord Budemere stept back; for when a man is angry with another he has no mind to come near him, unless he means to knock him down—" Speak out, sir, that all may hear that apology which, I am sure, there is nobody present but must needs expect me to call for." " Did your lordship see Mr. Pettycraft," said Mr. Grove

Grove in a low voice, which was little else than a whisper, "before you left Bath?"—"what if I did not," said the peer.—"Then, my lord," resumed Mr. Grove in a whisper,—"Speak aloud, sir," interrupted Lord Budemere;—"Perhaps, my lord," continued Mr. Grove, still whispering, "your lordship may think even a whisper a little too loud, should I communicate the contents of that paper," putting Lady Charlotte's anonymous letter into his lordship's hand, in the lowest whisper man ever gave breath to.—Lord Budemere read the letter, and turned as pale as death:—he immediately made some excuse to speak to his servant, and left the room.—Everybody present was anxious to know the contents of the paper; but Mr. Grove said, in a whisper, "it was some secret matter between Lord Budemere and himself," and put the paper very coolly into his pocket. The butler presently came in with a message from Lord Budemere to Mr.

Grove,

Grove, who immediately left the room; what passed between Mr. Grove and his lordship we never could find, any further than that Mr. Grove promised him not to reveal the contents of the letter; and his lordship could not have found a man, if he had picked out one dumb from his mother's womb, who could keep a secret better. His lordship and Mr. Grove presently returned with easy faces, and the rest of the party, coming from their dressing-rooms, all walked into the dining-room, and sat down very sociably to dinner.—But these things befel some months after the present time, to which we must now return.

We fear that we shall be deemed inexcusable by some, while we shall, perhaps, get heartily thanked by others, for omitting some very pretty love scenes between Genevieve and Acerbus, and some sweet love letters between George and Julia, who were cruelly parted by Old Crab for romp-

ing

ing together, and only allowed to write to one another until the day came to be married, when memorandums of the former, and copies of the latter now lie spread before us; but as the letters would fill a world of paper, and the memorandums another, we earnestly beg to be excused bringing them all in here, notwithstanding they are very full of kisses and other sweet things. Should they be very eagerly called for, however, we will keep them safe under lock and key, and publish them all in two volumes, or twenty-two, if they hold out, by way of appendix to this our history.

Genevieve, after she had tumbled about in the water till she was cool, dressed herself and left the bathing-house; but, instead of returning to the castle, where her old apartment was always kept for her use, instead of returning to the castle where she would be sure to meet Acerbus, she bent her steps to the ferry, and, passing over, walked home, medi-

meditating upon what had befallen. The coldness of the water and lapse of a few hours had now, in some degree, allayed the tumult which the philosopher's unexpected attack had occasioned, and, after a little fluttering upon it, she brought herself to a mind to let him marry her as soon as he would, but was not without her fears that he would be very slow in his approaches, and in some alarm too lest he, by the next day, might forget all about his offer. She went to bed in such an odd way that neither Lucy, nor her old nurse, could tell what to make of her, and sometimes thought she must have had a quarrel at the castle where she had dined that day. Lucy asked her if she had got the cholic, and Old Nurse watched her eyes to find if she were going mad. Whatever were the matter with her, however, they were sure she had not lost her appetite, for she ate up two cold chickens, with four plates of ham, and drank a quart of strong

strong beer before she went to bed. The next morning she arose very merry, and sung all the while Lucy dressed her; as soon as she had done, like one who was out of her wits for joy, she took Lucy by her waist and kissed her cheek, and told her she was a good girl, for she had not stuck above half-a-dozen pins into her all the time she was dressing her; and, to say the truth, Lucy's hands shook so at seeing her mistress in such an odd taking, that she did nothing but prick her all the while she dressed her.—She had no sooner sat down to her breakfast and put the first dish of tea to her lips, when the bell rang, and in came the philosopher to pay her his first visit.—"Ah, my pretty Jenny," said he, "my sweet, sweet, sweet sweetheart, I need not ask, when I see those roses, how you do."—Saying which, he would have kissed her; but Genevieve, what could ail her? gave him a great push which laid the philosopher at his full length on the carpet.

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—The philosopher, however, jumped up, and never stood to rub his elbows, which were the first things that came to the ground, but re-attacked her with great spirit, upon which she called him an impudent coxcomb, and asked him to sit down and breakfast with her: he told her he had already breakfasted, and, as he could not stay long, would tell her his errand in few words; and, taking her hand, said, "My pretty sweet Jenny, will you marry me on Saturday next?" Genevieve dropped her face upon her bosom and blushed; raising it presently she gave him a kind look, and said, "that is Julia's wedding day." —"I have got a ring and a licence," quoth the philosopher, putting them down upon the table; come, "we four will make one day of it: say the word, my sweet Jenny, will you marry me on Saturday?"—"I will," said she:— "then thus," quoth the philosopher, "I claim you for my wife," and put the

ring upon her finger to see if it fitted the pretty thing it was made for, and it made it tingle just as if a nettle had stung it. Now when two people who are going the same way together, happen both to be in a hurry, it falls out well enough: this day was Saturday, so one week brought the two weddings together. Our philosopher, who differed from every body else, in every thing else, differed from other folks in this thing amongst others; for, whereas, most men court a woman first, and then get her consent to be married afterwards: the philosopher made surer work of it; he got her consent to be married first, and courted her afterwards, which, having read in old books how changeable a thing a woman is, may be the best way. There was no fear of Genevieve, however, whose mind the philosopher knew very well already. Now, reader, we would give a penny to know whether

whether you would chuse rather to stay and dine with Genevieve and her eccentric lover, walk with us to the farm, and see with how much grace sweet Julia bore her lover's banishment, or run after Lady Charlotte and Harry Lamsbroke, and see what amends she made her lover for all the hard rubs he had suffered for her sake; but we must let them run where they please, and do what they please, and say nothing more about them, at least at present; and, indeed, any reader of common sagacity may guess what it was that they ran away for: they owed one another a spite, and were willing to be revenged, and, when they returned to the castle, they brought a pretty little boy with them as a proof of it. But Sir John Lamsbroke, Harry's father, getting intelligence of the affair between Lord George E. and his son, came to a quarrel with him upon it, when a duel was the consequence, in which Lord George was shot

 through

through the heart. Sir John stood his trial upon the matter and was acquitted: hearing that some clown, who worked on Old Crab's farm, had as good as saved his son's life, he sent Old Comical a present of a hundred guineas, which Old Comical however returned, with his best compliments, giving Sir John to understand, at the same time, that he was not the man which Sir John Lamsbroke took him for.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

(In Continuation.)

JULIA, whose wedding-day came on apace, was much engaged in making her wedding clothes, which she begged to be permitted to do, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the great family into which she was coming, and if she had brought as much money as she did excellence and beauty into it, George Grove would have been as rich as any man in the world; but there was no lack of money there, and Mr. Grove made his son such an ample allowance that Old Crab objected to it, and said, "it would turn the young people's brains:" so Mr. Grove took Old Crab's advice to increase the allowance by degrees as emergencies might require, wisely judging it better to sink the weight of money upon the young man by little and little, by which he might

be the better prepared, and, too, the better enabled, to bear it. Julia, residing so long at the castle with Genevieve, Lady Charlotte Orby, Mr. and Mrs. Decastro, and other fine folks who came there, got so polished and refined as to become, with grace, the high station which she now was rising to; and, to amuse her mind in her distress, both Genevieve and Lady Charlotte had taught her many things which are considered to be indispensable ingredients in the elegant composition of a gentlewoman.

Genevieve, as soon as the philosopher left her, sent her servant with two notes of invitation to Hindermark, one to George Grove to come and meet his friend the philosopher at dinner, and the other to Mrs. Kerry Tacklecrack, his old maiden aunt, who was come to Hindermark to be present at the nuptials of her nephew George: this invitation pleased the old lady very much, who loved, she said, to see appearances

saved,

saved, and a little prudence in young women; for Genevieve made no secret of Acerbus's addresses, but told her the story at full length, leaving out the kisses, which gratified the old virgin with being made a confidant: so at four o'clock—Genevieve dined early in summer for the sake of a walk in the evening,—at four o'clock the philosopher and her other guests arrived. Now we have looked into all our documents, hints, records, and memorandums, but cannot find what Genevieve had for dinner: this is very vexatious; however, we must content ourselves with knowing that she certainly had some dinner, because we find it said that, *after dinner*, Mrs. Kerry Tacklecrack (Kerry is a diminutive of Kerenhappuk) spake as follows:—"You have a very pretty cottage here, Miss De Roma."—"Yes, madam."—"You have furnished it and laid out the gardens with great taste and elegance." "I am glad you think so, madam." "Had you all your

furniture from town?" "Yes, madam." "Were you your own architect?" "Yes, madam." "You have shewn great taste in your choice of spot."— "So they say, madam."—"Yes, indeed, and with very great judgment, because I think so; I am a great critic in these matters, and have great experience in building, furnishing, planting, laying out land, and making water; but you have the lake just before you, so you need make no water, and that is a lucky thing; for there are situations and places when one cannot make water, if one would, to save one's life, and no place can be pretty without water in it, or near it." "Very true, madam," quoth Genevieve, "I love water vastly." "There are so many pretty spots here that, I think, you must be greatly puzzled which to chuse; but you cannot see a bit of the castle from any other: here you get an elbow of it, an angle, and that determined you?"—"It did, madam."—"Lawk-a-

daisy,

daisy, well, I thought so, if I did not I'll be whipt." Upon which Genevieve and Madam Tacklecrack retired to the drawing-room, and left George Grove and the philosopher to drink a glass of wine together, and toast their sweethearts.—As soon as they got into the drawing-room, Madam Tacklecrack went off again:—"So, you will be married next Saturday, Miss De Roma?" "I shall, madam."—"Lawk-a-daisy! O! well, I think I could never bring my mind to be married." "Why not, madam?" "O, why! I can't abide young children: and if I were to marry I should have fifty—do you mean to suckle? I dare say you will be able to do it"—"Good heavens!" madam.—"Good heavens!—why, the men can't hear us; we may talk over our own matters, surely: it is a woman's duty to suckle, and if she does not suckle she will have no luck with her children: it is unnatural in a woman not to suckle; what's her milk sent for?

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Not to be physicked away—I hope you mean to suckle, Miss De Roma."—"Dear madam!"—"A woman can't love her child, Miss De Roma, who will not suckle it; but what will you do with your husband, when you have got him, bring him here?" "Yes, madam." "You have decked out your bridal chamber very prettily, I warrant; will you let me see it?" "Yes, madam; these doors will pass you into it."—"O you must come and explain things:—bless me, what a pretty bed! Dear me! These true-love-knots are very pretty, very pretty, indeed; well, on which side will you put your husband, hæ? I dare say, now, you have it in mind on which side you will put him, hæ? You must put him on your left side, and then he will lie next your heart."—"My good madam!"—"Well, well, well, what a sweet pretty quilt!—What is this, what is this? the marriage of Cupid and Psyche upon it!—As I live you will not lie under all these

blankets?

blankets?—Well, I never saw a bride's chamber so prettily furnished!—Well, but which is to be your husband's dressing-room; he can't dress before you, you know, that won't be decent?" —"Here it is, madam."—"Lawk-a-daisy-o, how sweet and pretty; but which is the bride's closet?" "This is my dressing-room on this side, madam, if you mean that."—"Blue and gold, vastly neat, indeed; but stay, I don't see any kisses about your bed; don't you know how to make kisses out of ribands?"—"No, indeed, madam; I never heard of such things."—"O dear, dear, dear—a bride's bed without any kisses! —I never knew such a thing; I will make you some kisses and send them to-morrow—here—they must hang just here, a long festoon of them—bless my heart alive! I was sure I missed something!—Well, I will send you some, but you must be sure to tell your husband what they are, hæ, Miss De Roma? You must promise me

that, or I will not show you how to make any, I won't indeed: there are single kisses and double kisses; the single kisses must hang here, and then after the single kisses come the double kisses, and they must hang here; and then after them comes the tassel, that is a great bunch of kisses tied all together, and that must hang here, just here, over little Cupid's head, that is the right place for the tassel. O how sweet the roses and the mignionette smell here?—Dear me, Miss De Roma, well, you have a great deal of taste! What beautiful furniture! How elegantly disposed!" "Madam, you do me excessive honour; but really, if you suppose these apartments were fitted for the purpose which you have hinted at, you make a mistake; indeed, there was not time; for it was this morning, no longer since, I assure you, when my lover and I fixed on our wedding-day."—"Fiddle faddle," said Madam Kerry, "I know better," and upon this

they returned into the drawing-room.

"Oh dear me, oh dear me, oh dear me!" quoth Madam Tacklecrack, throwing her person upon a sofa, "I have been so troubled with the cholic ever since I have been at Hindermark this time—so pinched—whether it come from drinking claret after dinner, or eating so much of their monstrous great windy brocoli—so teazed with such a pushing and thrusting in my bowels, so plagued with such a maundering and wambling in my stomach, so disturbed and astonished with strange noises and squabbling in my intestines, such piping and singing, such quaverings, trillos, and sounds of music, that I dreamed last night, after eating a cabbage and a half for my supper, that I had the whole band of the Royal Horse Guards in my stomach!—Oh! then I waked in such a condition! in such a tempest of wind!—Oh, Miss De Roma! is your good old woman at hand? Don't ring the bell, for then your man will come; can I get at your old

old nurse? I hear a noise in the next room."—" It is nurse," said Genevieve, upon which she called the old woman. —" Nurse," quoth Mrs. Kerry, "a thimble-full of that noble cogniac which I tasted here the other day—just a thimble-full."—"I hope, madam, that cruel wind" —quoth nurse, and would have talked a little, if Madam Kerry had not interrupted her;—" yes, nurse, go and get the brandy, and we will talk about it afterwards;" upon which off went old nurse as fast as her corns would let her go, and came into the drawing-room with a bottle of brandy in one hand, and a tumbler as big as a fire-bucket in the other, which Old Comical, who got hold of the story, called Madam Kerry's thimble ever after. In the glass was a table-spoon, which made Madam Kerry start—" what's that spoon for, nurse?" said she.—" I thought, madam," quoth old nurse, " that it were a sup of brandy and water."—" Water! nurse," said the old maiden, " water!—

no,

no, nurse, I am too bad for that this afternoon; pour away, nurse, pour away, pour away; I say, pour away, pour away, bless me! cover the bowl of the spoon, nurse, pour away! O' my conscience, the woman has the cramp in her shoulder, pour away, I tell you, I can wait no longer; was there ever such a narrow-mouthed bottle in the world!—come, give me what you have squeezed out.—So: very good—this is proof: very good, indeed!—this is old Tom."—"Would you chuse another little drop, madam?" said old nurse. "Stand still, nurse; stand still: don't be in a hurry—stand still!—what d'ye think of that, nurse? There! again!—there! there! there! that last was the best of all?—Now, nurse, won't you believe that I was troubled with the wind?" "I'fackins, madam, I hope you are better!—An empty house, they say, is better than a bad tenant." Genevieve threw herself flat upon her back upon a sofa, and laughed till her sides

ached!

ached !—" Hold still, nurse; hold still: —now go and cover the bowl of the spoon—not one drop more—with boiling water—no, no, stay: leave the brandy-bottle by me; one can't tell what may happen while you are gone a mile for hot water," said Madam Kerenhappuck; " I may die of the cholic before your poor old corns will bring you back again—there, set the bottle down there; that will do very well:—what a fine rich colour it has," said the old virgin, looking through the bottle; " I wish I may die," added she, with a hiccup, " but this same brandy is very good in flatulent cases. Upon my word, Miss De Roma, the cholic is no laughing matter." " I really beg ten thousand pardons, madam," said Genevieve; " but you have such a droll way with you that I think I could die of laughter." Old nurse now returned with Madam Kerry's thimble, and a table-spoonfull of hot water at the bottom of it; upon which Madam Kerry poured out all

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the rest of the brandy, and, giving old nurse the empty bottle, said, "that will do, at present, nurse; if I fall ill after this, hold another bottle ready at a moment's warning."—"Yes, madam," quoth old nurse, and was going, when Genevieve, who might well be glad of a little fresh air, told her to bid the footman carry the tea and coffee into the green-house, which was furnished like a pretty sitting-room, and walled round with all sorts of sweet herbs, shrubs and flowers. Upon which Madam Kerry put the brandy and water where it ought to be, at least into the best place which she could find to put it in, videlicet, her stomach, when she and Genevieve walked into the green-house, and Genevieve was glad enough to leave the room, for it smelled like a brandy-shop. She was just going to ring the bell, when Madam Kerry stopped her hand; "Come," said she, "you are in such a hurry to get your lover into the room; you shall not send

for

for him yet; I must have a little talk with you, and first I must give you a little good advice: I know you are very fond of farming, but you must leave off working on your uncle's farm now you will be married, hoeing and reaping and scrambling about; it will be very improper, not to say any worse of it, and your custom of throwing yourself into the water when you are hot must be left off too; it is always a very dangerous way, but you think you have a constitution to bear any thing; and you must be content to walk and leave that helter-skelter trick of running from place to place, and jumping every ditch that comes in your way; this is harum-scarum, and rantum-scantum: the strongest people are always in the most danger: lugging gates off the hooks, girthing your own horse, hauling garden tubs, pots, and boxes about, drawing of water, and the like toiling and moiling must be let alone; it must indeed: O' my conscience you will

will come five years before your time else!" "I am extremely obliged and honoured by your good advice, madam," said Genevieve, "and take it as a proof of the friendship which you have so often expressed for me: to collect wisdom for the use of one's friends is to put one's pains to the best of all uses, for we cannot enter upon a new scene of life too well guarded against the dangers which may occur in it; and, to be told before-hand what they are, and how to provide against them is, of all others, the most valuable, as well as the most friendly piece of information; but now, if you please, we will take our tea and coffee, madam." "One moment, one little bit of a moment," said Madam Tacklecrack, who would have talked until midnight, if George Grove and the philosopher had not come, uncalled, and followed the footman with the tea and coffee.

If a man were to go out a-hunting and find two women exactly alike and bring them home with him, how folks

would

would stare at them, and what a talk there would be over them!—and yet the wonder seems to lie all on the other side, videlicet, that among so many it should not be an every day matter.—Genevieve and Julia were certainly no wonder of this sort, for no two women could ever differ more, and yet be greater friends. They got a good deal together in the course of this week which was to make two brides of them before Sunday morning, to talk the important matter over; Julia was all love, fear, and bashfulness; Genevieve, gathering courage out of another's fears, seemed to think that she should stand her ground without fear and trembling: if a woman catches a man, or a rat, 'tis all one, she is afraid to meddle with either, for fear they should bite her fingers: It is wonderful to see how folks will laugh at fear when it is at a little distance, and how they get the fidgets when any terrible thing is at hand! Genevieve's joy was

so immoderate that she would have played at leap-frog with Julia if she had a mind to the game; she was as mad as the moon could make her—if a man had taken the moon in both hands and squeezed all its juice into her brains she could not have been more mad for her heart. This comes of overrating things, setting greater store by them than they are worth; let people marry, as they may to their heart's content, marriage is no Paradise after all; there will be bitter herbs enough in the pot, and their being unexpectedly found in it will make the broth none the more savoury: Adzooks! folks thought that the philosopher must marry a woman without a skin at last, for a man might have sworn that Genevieve would have jumped out of hers before Saturday morning!—As for Acerbus he never moved a muscle.—Come, come, don't stand chattering here, come to the weddings!—Very well, courteous reader,

we

we will carry you as fast as we can go —What the devil comes of so much spurring?—tumbles and bruises, broken bones not so easily mended—fiddle-faddle! to the weddings!—To pity the impatience of ladies and gentlemen who are doing us the honour to read this our history, we will now proceed to say, that after a week spent in due preparations and preliminaries the happy day arrived, and, as good luck would have it, it was one of the finest days that ever was seen in the world, so bright and so sunny that Old Crab read the marriage ceremony without putting his spectacles on!—As soon as it was over, Genevieve was in a great pucker to get out of sight, for, on some account, she did not like to be stared at, nor Julia either, so the two brides and the two bridegrooms took a walk together, that is, for we would not be misunderstood for the world, *all* together: Now the plan was laid out in due order by Madam Tacklecrack,

crack, that all the good folks should meet at the castle to dine, after which Genevieve and the philosopher might retire to her cottage if they pleased, and George and Julia steal away to the house built by Mr. Grove, and now ready for their reception, in the pretty meadow before mentioned. Now, good reader! if we thought that by any extraordinary effort of imagination thou couldest form a conception of the joy of this said dinner at the castle, we would leave thee to picture to thyself this scene of mirth and extasy—but we do not think thou canst—and yet we cannot describe it—so must e'en leave it to thine imagination after all. When the ladies retired after dinner to the drawing-room, Genevieve, for some unaccountable reason, left the party and was seen to walk down to the water-side, for that was all the intelligence that could be got—and was not afterwards to be found! Acerbus, who went out to look for her

amongst

amongst others, saw her hat floating on the lake, which, taking a boat, he picked up at a great distance from the shore; this gave good reason to conclude that she must have fallen into the water and be drowned. Men and boats and nets were instantly employed to search for the body, but, although the search was continued for a week, it could not be found. Acerbus, after erecting an elegant cenotaph in his uncle's church in honour and memory of poor Genevieve, retired to Oxford under a load of sorrow.—The disturbance and consternation which this melancholy event occasioned is, and must be, left to the conception of all such as read this history, for we think that it will not be expected at our hands to attempt any description of an indescribable thing. Poor Julia, though in the arms of the man whom she loved above the world, could find no pleasure there, but spent many days and nights in bitter lamentation for the loss of one whom she so

much

much loved, and by whom she was loved so well. A more awful instance of the uncertainty of human happiness, perhaps, was seldom seen than this, or one for which the minds of all whom it concerned were less prepared: But having much on our hands, we must leave it to the reader to moralise as may best suit his humour or inclination, and pass on to another strange event which took place soon after the above.

Amongst other relations who came to these weddings was Sir John Lamsbroke, Harry's father, who married one of Mr. Decastro's sisters, a man of great fortune, fashion and vices, and, not having any better employment, cast an evil eye on the beautiful Julia, and laid a plot for her destruction. He concealed under smiles, and much sunshine of face, a deep grudge which he owed Old Crab, her father, with whom, it may be remembered, he had a severe quarrel in the affairs of Lord

Budemere: he held out reconciliation, however, in order to take a deeper revenge as opportunities might offer, and which he could not so well avail himself of if he held off in anger for what was past. Seeing Julia, amongst others, more especially overwhelmed with grief upon the late melancholy event, he invited her and George Grove and Mrs. B. Decastro to Lamsbroke park, insinuating the advantages which a change of scene might give to minds oppressed with sorrows: Old Crab demurred a good deal upon the matter, but when he found that Julia's husband was to be of the party, and, to add weight to the invitation, that Lady Lamsbroke, who was in a very bad state of health, wished exceedingly to see her niece and give her her blessing upon her marriage, as she thought she had but a little time to live, he at last consented, and the party sat off together in Sir John Lamsbroke's travelling carriage for

for Lamsbroke park, which was about fifty miles distant from Oaken Grove. In the middle of their journey they stopped at an inn in a little town to dine; as soon as dinner was over George Grove and Mrs. B. Decastro fell fast asleep in their chairs, and Sir John said to Julia, "Mrs. George, we will, if you please, take a little walk in the town, and when we return these good folks will have had their nap,— and be ready to proceed." But Julia, so cautioned by her father, made her excuses, and would by no means trust herself alone with her uncle. He made light of it, however, and said, "well, I will walk out by myself, and return presently." It was now getting dark, and Julia, a little surprised at her uncle's stay, and the long sleep of her mother and her husband, attempted to awaken first one and then the other, but in vain! it now grew darker, and while Julia was trying to rouse George

 Grove,

Grove, four men came into the room with crape upon their faces, and forced her away, calling and screaming to her husband for help to no purpose.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VII.

What becomes of Julia—a strange thing befals Old Comical—the consequences thereof.—Old Comical at work again.

Old Crab had dispatched Old Comical with orders to see a lot of fat oxen delivered safe into the hands of a drover; which, having done, and returning through a wood, Old Comical was alarmed with a clap of thunder, sure sign that a storm was a-brewing: upon which honest John, who always thought a dry coat was better than a wet jacket, tacked his horse about and returned to an inn which he had just passed in the wood which was the only house within ten miles of him. He rode up to the door and asked for supper and a bed, pulling out the frill of his shirt to show the landlord his clean linen. Whereupon the landlord called him "Sir," and said he might have

supper, but all his beds were engaged as he was in expectation of much company. Upon this Old Comical rode into the yard, put his horse into a warm stable, and, after seeing him well fed and rubbed, walked into the house to take care of himself. "Major Domo," quoth Old Comical, "I will lie here to-night if I lie with my horse!"—for it rained and thundered very much at that time. The landlord said that there would neither be room for him nor his horse, for all his stables as well as his beds were engaged, and moreover he must make the best use of his time to eat his supper, for he could not stay there another hour. Old Comical, who had seen the world and something in it before to-day, picked a suspicion out of the landlord's manner that made him a little curious: "Look ye," quoth Old Comical, "give me a bed, or I will sit up and see what guests you expect here in the middle of the night, old boy, depend upon it."

The

The landlord looked perplexed, and very much like a man who was not best friends with his conscience; calling his wife aside, after a little talk with her he came back presently, and said to Old Comical, "Sir, if you are not afraid to sleep at a distance from the rest of the house we can make a bed for you in a room over the stables, you may go to it up these stairs through a passage. "Shew me a room with a good bed in it," quoth Old Comical, "and leave the rest to me," and thereupon sat down to some fried eggs and bacon and a quart of strong beer well seasoned with nutmeg and a toast. While Old Comical was eating his supper, he observed much ado in the house with airing of beds, and great fuss and preparation for the company which mine host expected that night at his house: As soon as he had supped, and indeed his landlord thought he never would come to an end of eating and drinking, the innkeeper and

his wife seemed a little too anxious to get him to bed not to raise Old Comical's curiosity, who called for a pipe and a bason of half-and-half by way of grace-plate after supper. "Old Cock-a-doodle," quoth Old Comical to mine host, "this is rare tackle," pointing to his liquor; "come, bring a glass and taste thine own," whereupon he lighted his pipe, and blew a sheet of smoke over the landlord's shoulder. The landlord however pleaded hurry and expectation of guests in excuse, and said, he wished at that time for his room rather than his company: upon which Old Comical finished his pipe and his punch, oiled his boots, called for a candle, went to bed, and presently to sleep, notwithstanding thunder, lightning, wind and rain, in addition to no little curiosity to know who was coming that night to the house, and what mighty reason there could be for getting him out of the way; for that there was a reason was

evident

evident enough, though want of room was put for it when Old Comical was as good as turned out of the kitchen. When a man goes to bed tired it is not the tinkling of a purling stream that will keep him awake, and though Old Comical got into bed with his breeches and stockings on, meaning to steal down stairs presently and take a look at those guests which had made such a bustle in the house, he fell fast asleep and slept soundly from nine o'clock until one in the morning, when he was awakened by a carriage driven furiously to the house attended by some on horseback. Upon hearing the wheels Old Comical jumped out of bed, and, creeping to the window, opened the casement with as little noise as possible, and held an ear out of window; all on a sudden he heard some woman scream with all her might and call for help, and, what astonished him the more, he thought he knew the voice! Upon this he dressed himself

as fast as he could get his clothes on, some of which were not readily found in the dark, and, if it had not been for a great flash of lightning he never would have found his wig, gently opening his room door, he stole down a staircase which led into a long passage where a large screen was placed, behind which he lay by to watch for further intelligence. He locked his room door, however, prudently enough, before he left it, lest another should get possession of his bed, and he thought he might as well return to it again as pass the remainder of the night in a cold passage, which was one of those wise reflections not at all unusual with Old Comical. He had not been many minutes behind the screen before he heard the feet of several on the stairs, upon which he cut a hole in the screen with his knife, and put his eye to it to see what was to be seen; and presently he saw four men with crape upon their faces bring some lady

lady by main force, for she struggled violently, and screamed as loud as a handkerchief bound over her face would permit her, attended by two women with candles in their hands, and carry her into a bed-room, which was opposite to the screen behind which he stood, when, coming near him, he got a view of the lady's face, and saw with no small surprise that she was Julia! In the room Old Comical saw a bed which was opposite to the door, and upon this bed he saw the four men put Julia, who was at that time quiet enough, for she had fainted away; there they left her in charge of the two women, and came out of the room. In a little time the two women came out also, and one said, "that fainting fit came just in good time, we should have had trouble enough to put her to bed else." Upon which Old Comical put his eye to the hole in the screen and saw one of the women bring away Julia's clothes, and shut the

room door. Now all was dark in the passage when Old Comical heard one speak these words: "What is this man?" The voice that answered he knew to be the landlord's. "Please your honour, he is some farmer, or drover, for he talked about oxen."—"Where is he?" "Far enough out of our way; we put him to bed in a room which is over the stables." "The devil take this fellow—it will not do here—she must be carried further," said the voice. "I can lock the man up, if that be all," said the landlord; "for we have a door in the passage to his room, and bring you the key."—"Let it be done," said the voice.—When Old Comical heard one go and lock some door in the passage near his room and return. All now was silent: upon which Old Comical came from the screen, and poking his way in the dark got hold of the lock of the room door opposite to it, and opening it, felt his way to the bed whereon he had

seen

seen the four men put Julia, and grabbling about it with his hands, soon found her in it. She was at this time recovering from her fit and began to stir, when Old Comical put his mouth and nose close to her ear and said, "it is I, madam, it is John Mathers come to take you out of harm's way." Poor Julia knew his voice in a moment, and cried out, "O John, save me! save me!"—and immediately fell into another fainting fit; whereupon Old Comical gathered Julia up in the bed-clothes, which he wrapped, sheets and blankets and quilt, well about her body, and being a sturdy fellow, took her up in his arms and contrived to get out of the room with her into the passage after some few rubs against the walls. At that moment a foot was heard as of one coming up a stair-case, and the flashings of a distant light just served to show Old Comical his screen in time, behind which he carried Julia, and stood beating his brains for what

had

had best be done. Presently two came into the passage and walked up to the screen, and one said "Which is the room?" some woman answered, "That is the door with a key in it, sir." "Is all quiet in the house?" said the other, the woman said all were gone to bed. "Do you the same," said the first, "and leave me." Old Comical did his best to get a sight of these talkers, but they did not stand within the field of his eye-let-hole. One, however, went away. Old Comical, who wanted to get a sight of the man that stood waiting in the passage, as it seemed, till the woman was gone, put Julia upon the ground behind the screen, and begged of her to be still, for she was come to herself again, when the man, whoever he was, opened the room door to which he was directed by the woman, and went into it. Old Comical at that moment slipped out of his hiding place, locked the door upon him, and putting the key in his pocket,

took

took up Julia wrapped up as she was in the bed-clothes, and carried her down the stairs in the dark. Now when a man wants to get out of a house the first thing he searches for is the door, and Old Comical presently found one, but he might as well have run his head against a wall, for it was locked and the key taken away. This was unlucky, for he knew he had no time to lose; he could not expect the man whom he had locked up in the bed-room would long rest contented, for he had asked Julia a few questions, and though he guessed at his intentions he had now no occasion for any further guesses. Old Comical, finding this door locked, very wisely said nothing to it, though some perhaps in his situation would have made it a long speech, called it names, as cruel, inhuman door, and the like; but he, more prudently, turned away from it, and groped out his way into a room and found a window; but if the door

was

was locked the window was as cruelly barred with great iron bars, as he soon found to his no little discomfiture, so all he got for his pains was a mouthful of fresh air when he pushed up the sash, which, by the way, was a great refreshment to poor Julia. Old Comical now began to find himself in a very comical situation, and how long he had to live he did not know, but guessed his time would be short if he were taken in the act of stealing a woman and the goods upon him; though he had quite as much right to her as they who had stolen her before him. At one time he thought about fighting, but he had no weapons but his fists, and what were one pair of fists against four or five men whom he knew to be on all hands of him? He had much ado to keep Julia quiet, who was frightened almost out of her senses, and would not be left a moment, or, putting her down, he might have searched a good deal better for some

hole

hole to have crept out at; but wheresoever he went he was forced to carry Julia along with him in his arms, for, swathed up as she was in sheets and blankets, she could not use her legs. In cases like these fear is sure to come to add to a man's troubles, and what was still worse, he had Julia's fears to contend with as well as his own. "The devil take the house," quoth Old Comical, as he staggered along some passage which led to the kitchen, where seeing a little glimmering light at a little distance, he stopt to listen, but heard nothing. Noise is a very terrible thing in a dark house, but as good luck would have it, none was heard; so he proceeded, and, by the smell of fried bacon, found he was not far off the kitchen; in he went, and found that a few bright coals in the bottom of the grate had given the small light which he had seen. It is wonderful how much courage a little light will give a man in certain

cases:

cases: Old Comical took heart at the sight of it, for having been so long in the dark it served him to see a great deal, and amongst other things the door which opened out of the kitchen into the yard, but though it showed him a door, it showed him at the same time that it was locked, like the other, and the key taken out of it! Over this door hung a great bell, which Old Comical very well knew to be one of the means to open a house if it were put to its right uses, and he never remembered to have been in such an opening humour in his life: silence having so far stood him in but little stead, he took it into his head to try what noise would do for him—now it came to pass that the fire gave a little blaze from a piece of wood coming in contact with the living coals, and showed Old Comical a large pair of nankeen breeches, which were hung over the back of a chair to dry:—upon which Old Comical took a pair of tongs,

tongs, and holding the said small-clothes close to the flame set them on fire, and, running away with the blazing breeches to the stairs foot, called out fire as loud as he could bawl for his heart: Julia, whom he had left upon a chair in the kitchen, screamed as loud as she could, and gave furtherance to Old Comical's plan by adding to the uproar, who came running back into the kitchen, and taking a long spit, rang the bell which hung over the door with all his might. Now the cry of fire, the screaming of Julia, the ringing of the great bell, and the smell of the burning small-clothes, soon raised the whole house. Down came the landlord, and down came his wife, down came the chamber-maid, scullion, and cook; naked as they were, for of all nights in the world this they thought the most unfit for them to die in; four or five others, spurred by an evil conscience, came tumbling down stairs after them;

for

for in these hasty cases if one foot slips, which was the case here, down come all above—down they came, and all in the dark, for the breeches, which Old Comical had flung blazing on the stairs, had now burned out, and midnight took again its turn to reign!—all the doors in the house were presently opened, and Old Comical, who had slipped into a little parlour with Julia in his arms, now made a push, and ran out with her into the wood, which grew on all sides of the house: setting her down upon some moss at the foot of some great tree, he fell a-laughing till he dropped down upon the ground. Now the situation of the good folks in and about the house was whimsical enough, they were all in a puzzle, all naked, and all in the dark: by whom they had been alarmed they could not tell, nor what part of the house were on fire could any see, but they all thought the devil was come to fetch them. When Old Comical had

got

got the better of his fit of laughter, whose merry chuckle did Julia more good than any foolish thing put to her nose, in the form of salts, hartshorn, or burnt feathers, the next thing he wanted was his horse, but how to come at him was a little perplexity. If Julia would have sat quiet a little Old Comical would not have wanted address to have brought his horse off and himself too, but his wit was wanted nearer home, for he, at that instant, heard a rustling amongst the boughs, when some man, who saw a white figure at the foot of the tree, called out " Here she is !" speaking, as it seemed, to others who were within hearing: upon this Old Comical leaped up, for he was sitting near and comforting Julia, struck the man on the face with all his might, and laid him at one blow at his foot; then, catching up Julia in his arms, he carried her further into the wood: the sky clearing a little at that time, he made a little double, and

came round into the turnpike road, when, hearing wheels at a distance, as luck would further have it, a returned post-chaise came up, into which Old Comical put poor Julia, and bade the post-boy make the best of his way to the next town, for he had got one sick in a blanket that had met with an accident, and wanted help. By the time the post-boy had driven about two hundred yards, Old Comical called to him to pull up, and draw the chaise behind some bushes, which so well concealed it from the road that all the world might pass by day and not suspect a carriage to be there.—Julia, with some difficulty, had been prevailed upon to let Old Comical go back and fetch his horse, in which there seemed the less danger as none could tell what he had done, and if the worst came she had now the means of getting off; Old Comical certainly had no mind to lose a good horse and a new saddle and bridle, which had

brought

brought him down upon the nail for ninety five pounds and four shillings, whereupon to go a-courting to Madam Funstall of Dillies Piddle, for Old Comical, it may be called to mind, could do great things now, being lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle: we say he had certainly no mind to lose his horse—but he had a farther view in returning to the house, he had a mind to try if any intelligence was to be got as to who, and what they were, who had forced Julia away from her friends: coming back to the inn, which he could scarce see, for the night was very dark, and the sky full of the blackest clouds, he found all as still as death, and as to getting into the house there was no difficulty at all in that, for the doors were all wide open: it seemed as if all were gone to bed again, and left the doors open to air the house; upon which Old Comical, who had a voice as loud as any three men you could find in the market,

ket, began to call out for the ostler, and for his horse, and threatened to pull the stables down; out of which, after a great deal of calling came a voice, but it sounded more like a groan than an answer: Old Comical, however, made up to it, and, after three or four tumbles upon the dung-hills, by which he got nothing but dirt,—what should he, when he fell so soft?—he found the stable door which he opened, one thing a door is made for, the other thing being to shut—but let that pass—it is the business of the historian, however, to instruct, as well as to amuse his reader as he goes along—but let that pass too—"Ostler," quoth Old Comical, "what the devil is come to this place to night? bring out my horse, I'll stay no longer, bring out my horse, I say, or I'll bring you out by your ears!" "Sir," quoth the ostler, "you have hit it—the devil, and he has been long expected here, is come to this place to-night—he has been

been just seen by my master, and they are all run away and left me to go to hell by myself! they drive such a trade here that I wonder the house has not been swallowed up by an earthquake—a pack of them have brought a lady into it to night, and now they have ravished and murdered her they are surprised at seeing the devil, and who should they look for next?" "Who brought her?" quoth Old Comical. "Why," quoth he, "'tis some lord or baronet, I can't hit on his name, and that is no wonder neither, for I never heard it, but somebody that came with him called him Sir Somebody Something, and that I'll swear, though I know the devil is within ten yards of me at this moment, for I heard him hiss when you called, sir." "Is nobody in the house?" quoth Old Comical. "Not a soul, sir—we all ran out together, and I had gone with the rest if I had not tumbled into the horsepond." And the ostler spoke the truth, for Old

Old Comical, notwithstanding he groped his way into the house again, and searched and called till he was tired, could find no soul in it. When he came back to the stables he found the ostler standing with his horse ready saddled and bridled, which he immediately mounted, and, what was very uncommon with Old Comical, rode off without paying his bill: he had now, however, as good a reason for so doing as ever he had in his life, for there was nobody to take his money, except the ostler, whom he could not persuade to take even the money for his horse, alledging that every thing that belonged to the landlord belonged to the devil, and, as the devil might bring him to account for it, he did not care to meddle with the money; so Old Comical came off *scot free*, but with no other intelligence than that some lord or baronet had carried Julia to this place, that the name of the innkeeper was James Watkins, and the

sign

sign of the inn was the Nag's-head. When he returned to the chaise he found poor Julia in a peck of troubles at his staying so long, and nothing could satisfy her but his tying his nag to the chaise horses, and getting into the chaise.

CHAPTER VIII.

Further Accounts of Julia—more comical Tricks of Old Comical.

Old Comical, not finding any body in the inn, and for this reason, amongst others, because there was nobody in it, returned, as we were saying, to Julia, and got into the chaise by her particular desire, thinking, as it appears, that the nearer she was to Old Comical the better: this shows, reader, how a woman will stick to a man at times. Old Comical, having now a little leisure, and little else to do, began to ask Julia a world of questions about her coming to the inn in the night, and with people who seemed to have no very good intentions. Julia, poking her nose a little way out of the blanket, spake as followeth: "I have already told you, John," said she, "that I was

I was dragged out of a room at an inn by four men in masks where my mother and my husband were sitting." —" Sitting!" quoth Old Comical, " why they did not sit still and look on, did they?" " They certainly did not look on," said she, " for their eyes were shut and they fast asleep." " What!—asleep!" quoth he, " why did you not waken them?" " I could not do it," said she, " and there was the wonder, for I had been pulling them and calling to them for some time before these men came into our room, and could no more waken them than I could raise the dead! when some held me fast while others tied handkerchiefs over my eyes and mouth, and then I was pulled away and put into some carriage." " But what happened when these rascals got you into the carriage? no harm, I hope," quoth he. " None other, John, than binding my hands, and holding me fast,—except, going at a great rate, some part of the

carriage was broken, and we were stopped a long while on the road before it was made fit to go on with us; while this repair was making, I was threatened to be instantly shot if I struggled or made the least noise: it was promised me that no harm should happen to me if I was quiet; after some time we went on again; before we stopped at that frightful inn, some other man got into the carriage, for it rained, who smelt very sweet of essence of roses; I have great reason to think that it was my uncle Lamsbroke, for he smelt so much of essence of roses when in the carriage with us, that the smell made my mother's head ache, and she put a window of the coach down: well, as soon as this person got into the carriage the horrid part of the thing began, which was none other than a dispute which of them should come into my room first as soon as I was put to bed in the inn! One of the men, and I think it was he who smelled so much of roses, spoke

in a feigned voice:—the dispute growing serious, one proposed drawing lots for me as soon as they came to the inn, and this put an end to the altercation. O John! no soul can conceive what I have suffered! I did not faint away, however, before you saw me forced into the room opposite to the screen—you know the rest."
"Yes, madam," quoth Old Comical, "and as sure as ever one man's neck, whom I could name, deserves an halter more than another's, Sir John Lamsbroke is the man that managed this business." It now began to dawn, and Julia was in a sad pucker about her person, for what with her anxiety upon her husband's and her mother's account who were like to go distracted when they awoke and missed her, and came to a knowledge of what had happened, which she thought, of course, they could not fail of obtaining from some, who must have heard her cries, and witnessed the transac-

transaction, for, though she was blindfolded at her first seizure, she had an idea that some attempt was made to rescue her; what with these feelings, and the great joy of her fortunate deliverance, she had almost forgot that she was without any clothes except her chemise: she had, however, a blanket and one of the sheets, the rest of the bed-clothes being lost in the wood, but they were so ill disposed about her that she was afraid, when day-light came, Old Comical as well as others, would see more of her person than came to their share: of this she could not help expressing her fears, and began routing about in the chaise to get better covered, and make the most of the sheet and the blanket, complaining, moreover, of being cold. This put Old Comical to his wits again, which rarely failed him at a pinch, and he stopped the chaise; when he got out of it, and telling Julia to pull up all the blinds and put herself

right in the middle of the blanket, leaving it to him to put the sheet about her over all, he drew his knife and cut a dozen long skewers out of a hedge: now, at the word of command, re-entering the chaise, after Julia had made a whimsical use of the straw, which lay very thick at the bottom of it, and put her person right into the middle of the blanket, he took the sheet, and wrapping her well up in it, skewered her into it at all corners, save one at her head, just as a butcher would skewer up a pig's body in a cloth, after he had stuck it and scalded the hair off; a thing which Old Comical had often done for Madam Funstall, when he had stuck a pig at Dillies Piddle. Julia now felt warm and comfortable, and, being much exhausted, fell asleep in her corner of the chaise: after which only one thing happened of considerable moment before they came to the next town, to which the post-chaise was on its return

 when

when Julia was put into it, and that was, Old Comical changed his quid of tobacco.

Now this town lay in the way to that from which Julia had been carried by force, and Old Comical would have bargained to take the same chaise on to prevent the necessity of taking Julia out, and finding an excuse for such an odd piece of luggage, which was skewered up in the manner aforesaid; but as the horses only belonged to the inn-keeper where the chaise stopped, and the chaise to another, a change of chaise and luggage was found by Old Comical to be quite unavoidable. It was now day, the door of the chaise was opened and Old Comical alighted first, when a porter came, officiously enough, to take out the gentleman's luggage. "What do you charge for standing out of the way," quoth Old Comical, shouldering the porter into the kennel, "you must go to my lord if you needs must be paid

paid a shilling a step, which you will not get from me unless I was sure that the next step you took would carry you to the gallows!—stand out the the way!" Saying which, Old Comical skewered up the mouth of the sheet and blanket over Julia's head, which had been left open for air, and taking her carefully in his arms, carried her into the house and begged for leave to put her into the larder. "What have you got there, farmer?" quoth the landlord. "A porker," quoth Old Comical. "It is a very large one," said the landlord. "It weighs ten score," quoth Old Comical. "Why," said the post-boy, who stood by, with a grin, "you told me you had got a sick man in the cloth, when you got into the chaise, master." "You grinning fool," quoth Old Comical, "if I had said I had a piece of meat in it, it were odds you had refused me a place in the chaise, and turned out in the rain to make room for it." "I wish I

may be hanged if I did not think I heard you and the pig talking together as I came along," quoth the post-boy. "That's no wonder," quoth Old Comical, "for I talked to it almost all the way we came, asked it how it felt itself in the hot water when its hair was scalded off its back and belly, and how it liked to be stuck?" If Old Comical had gone on a little longer Julia would have fell a laughing upon the shelf of the larder, and frightened the folks out of their witts: and it was as much as Old Comical could do to prevent one or another pulling out the skewers to take a look at his pig; the chaise, however, which he ordered, was now ready, and Old Comical, taking a vast luncheon of bread and cheese, and two bottles of strong beer into the carriage with him, after having, with great care, placed Julia in one corner, paid the post-boy well who brought them to this place, and away he went shaking his sides with laughter, in

which Julia could not help joining for her heart.

But, however Old Comical might carry this matter, suspicion fell upon him at the inn, and first from the post-boy who drove him to it, who told his master that he was sure all was not right; that when he passed the Nag's-head in the night there was a strange disturbance, and screaming of women in it; it had always been a house of ill repute, and he had seldom gone by it, especially in the night, without hearing ill words and quarrels there; but he verily thought the people were all mad when he came by it this time, for, by the help of a flash of lightning, he saw men and women running about naked in the road, some calling help, some fire, and some murder: he flogged his horses on with all speed, for he thought it might be as well for him not to stop there and come in for a share in the hanging: the post-boy added, that he had not got above two hundred yards

on

on his way beyond the house, before a man ran up to the heads of his horses, and called to him to stop ; he told him it was a returned chaise and nobody in it but the driver, who had not half-a-crown in his pocket. It was no robbing business, it was answered—there was a sick man wrapped in a cloth, and places were wanted in the chaise—and though the man might not be dead then, it was his firm belief that he had died on the road, and that, perhaps, of wounds he had received in some quarrel at Watkins's house. "No, no, master," subjoined the post-boy, "it was no pig that was skewered up in that cloth, but a murdered man, depend upon it."—"O' my conscience," said the landlady, "I thought the pig had the longest hind legs of any porker I ever saw—I'm sure it was a man's body in the cloth, and —" she was in such a talking humour that she would have talked at least for an hour, if one, who had heard the postboy's story, had not

come

come in, in a violent hurry, and said that there was blood in the chaise!— Now certainly this blood might have come from a dead pig, and no murder committed any further than the sticking of a porker came to; but see how folks run away with things; all posted away to the chaise, and blood, it is true, was seen smeared upon the lining of it, and the straw very wet at the bottom too, which might come from some dreadful unknown cause; these things together made up a horrid mystery; as for the blood it had flowed from Old Comical's knuckles who had cut his hand when he knocked the man down in the wood; and as for the wet straw the cause thereof must be left to the reader's sagacity. This story ran like wild fire, the town was in a great perspiration in five minutes, seven and twenty women were turned into warm water, and a ghost was seen walking out of the church-yard! Magistrates were consulted, constables

sent

sent for, seven and forty horses were saddled, and a pursuit of Old Comical immediately set on foot. But Old Comical well knew the ways of the world —he had too keen a nose not to smell suspicion at the inn before any dog of the best scent there. "Driver," said he at the door, loud enough for a man to hear him a mile, "go to such a place." "Driver," quoth Old Comical again, as soon as he got out of the town, "tack about, and go directly the contrary way." Now when Old Comical heard what a galloping there was after him upon the very road which he never went, he flung himself upon the ground, as his custom was, and laughed till he was out of breath!—

Now it came to pass after a few hours spent upon the road, and Julia, for the first time in her life, had eaten bread and cheese, and drank strong beer for her breakfast, they came to the inn where she had been snatched up the day before and carried by others where

she

she had no mind to go herself. Before they arrived at the door of the inn, to which Old Comical had been directed by Julia, he skewered her up in her sheet, as before, over head and ears, and, taking a pocket ink-horn out of his pocket, writ a direction upon her in capital letters, as follows, videlicet:

FOR
GEORGE GROVE, ESQ.
CROWN INN,
Carriage 10*s*. 6*d*.
With care.

"Waiter," quoth Old Comical, when they stopped at the inn, "is one Mr. Grove in this house?" "There is a gentleman of that name here, but he went to bed a little indisposed, and is not yet risen: what is your business with him?" "I have a small parcel for him," quoth Old Comical, pointing to Julia, as he alighted from the chaise, who was laid upon the seat of it with the direction in sight, and well it might be,

be, for the letters were as large as the direction upon a broad wheeled waggon. "A small parcel," said the waiter, grinning at the huge direction, "a small parcel!" "You fool," quoth Old Comical, "show me the way to to the gentleman's bed-room; I am charged to deliver the parcel into his own hands, for some careless rascal or other might put it into his pocket and forget to deliver it; show me the gentleman's bed-room I say, what d'ye stand grinning there for? —why the fool must have come into the world grinning through a horse-collar! get along first and show me the room!" Upon which Old Comical carried Julia in his arms up a stair-case, and knocking at a door to which the waiter pointed, upon the word of command he entered it with his parcel. "What d'ye want?" said George Grove, without seeing Old Comical, for the bed curtains were drawn round him: "I have brought a little parcel for you, sir,"

sir," quoth he in a feigned voice: "Put it upon the table," said George—"Ten-and-sixpence to pay for it, sir, and what you please for the porter." "Very well," said George, "tell the waiter to pay for it, and give you a shilling for yourself." "Thank your noble honour," quoth Old Comical, and left the róom. Not expecting any parcel, and a little surprized at the charge upon it, George poked his head out to take a look at it, when he saw a great long thing lying on the ground skewered up in a white cloth. Julia, finding herself alone with her husband could hold no longer, but cried out, "Come and unpin me, O my dearest husband!"—Upon hearing the parcel speak, George jumped out of bed, and began pulling out the skewers which pinned up Julia, and upon opening the sheet and the blanket found with great astonishment his wife as naked as a worm in the middle of them!—Upon which he caught her in his arms; and

and carried her to his bed, and after a flood of tears, and some kisses of joy, she told him a story which if it did not astonish him, reader, he must have been made of other matter than ourselves. But it is fit that we leave Julia and her husband together to satisfy one another in all matters relating to this strange event, and give some account of the odd way in which the people of the inn found Mrs. B. Decastro and George Grove after Julia was packed off. The landlord, not satisfied, perhaps, with finding the bell belonging to their room so very quiet, in expectation it is like to have tea and coffee called for, sent in a waiter to look a little into matters, and ask what their stomachs served for? when the waiter, upon his coming into the room found both Julia's mother, and her husband, lying at their full length on the carpet!—and, to all appearance, dead! He ran immediately out of the room, for fear of their ghosts, and

told

told his master and his mistress what a sight he had seen. Now when people are dead it is high time to send for the doctor to fetch them to life again: One came and upon due examination of the bodies found life in both, but shut up in a deep sleep: after having tried the old fashioned ways of pulling of noses and pinching of fingers, &c. in vain, he looked at some who stood by and said, they were two lost cases; however he would go to his shop and return a little better prepared to deal with them: which he did, and, after a great deal of trouble and some hours, he prevailed upon Mrs. B. Decastro to open her eyes and ask for a little small beer: after being treated in a way which the doctor thought proper, she was put to bed in a half senseless state, or, it may be supposed, that she would have called for something better than small beer. Poor George had like to have awakened in another world, for do what the doctor could, he was not,

as

as it seemed, to be awakened in this: but, as good luck would have it, after a long pull and a strong pull between sleep and the doctor, he so managed matters as to pull George's eyes open once more! Mrs. Decastro put to bed! surely this could never be right—hold your hand a little reader—she was put to bed, but the doctor followed her up and routed the old lady about in such a terrible manner that if she had swallowed a barrel of poppy-juice poppies and all she might have gone to the devil, but she never could have gone to sleep. Now the doctor having brought his two patients to their senses, and put them in a sure way to keep them, began to make enquiries into their diet at the inn, for he said they had both been laid under the power of a strong opiate. He proceeded to ask if any part of their dinner remained, and if any liquors of which they had partaken could be brought him, the landlord answered that every thing which

which came out of their room had been consumed in the house. Not satisfied with this he returned to the room wherein they had dined, and began to look on the side-tables for the wine glasses and decanters, mugs and other things, but every thing had been carefully cleaned and put in its place: when, casting his eyes by accident on the carpet, he saw a little phial lie, and, taking it up, found that it contained a few drops of laudanum at the bottom: "aye," quoth the doctor, "see what comes of folks dosing themselves, and not calling in one of us to teach them the proper use and quantities of medicines." He immediately returned to Mrs. Decastro's room, and was soon undeceived as to any self-dosing in the matter; for both she, and George Grove, declared that they had taken no medicine at all. Upon which the doctor, finding his patients might be safely left, went out of the house in a great puzzle, and said he would call

again in the course of a few hours. But how came they not to miss Julia? that will be answered, reader, but whether to your satisfaction we must leave to another. Julia was the first thing that George Grove asked for, and the second thing which her mother did, for, as it hath been recorded, the first thing she enquired for was small beer. Upon which enquiry, that is for Julia, a note was given to Mrs. Decastro which contained the following words:

To Mrs. B. Decastro.

Dear Madam.

"I send this note to inform you and Mr. Grove, that, as the evening is like to be very stormy, I am come to a resolution to put off our journey until to-morrow: you will find us at my good cousin's, Mr. Pitman's, about a mile out of town, where we are expecting you and Mr. Grove; come to us as soon as you can."

Upon

Upon this, Mrs. B. Decastro and George Grove would have gone there; but, as the house of Mr. Pitman was at a mile's distance out of the town, the doctor objected to their leaving the inn that night, whose objections were not like to be much opposed by any in their situation: George indeed felt a little uneasy at Julia's absence, but had not a guess at what had happened, and as for Mrs. B. Decastro, she believed every word of Sir John Lamsbroke's note as much as if she had read it in the Bible. Thus stood matters when Old Comical came in with poor Julia, who, as soon as he had put the wife, where she should be, into her husband's bed-room, walked into the kitchen to ask what news were stirring in the town? "Nothing new had happened," the landlord said, of late. "No!" quoth Old Comical, "what sort of a house do you keep, Old Boniface, for it to be no new thing to have a lady carried neck and heels out of it by main force, screaming

as if she would be murdered?" Upon which one of the fair sex standing by called him a lying rascal, and would have crammed a rag-mop, which she held, into his mouth, if Old Comical had not parried the weapon before it touched his countenance; he then asked the landlord if he knew any thing of the matter? who said there must be some mistake, for no such thing, that he knew of, had happened in his house. Upon this the landlady, who had heard what was said, roared out, "You had best blast our house, you lobsterfaced scoundrel, hah?" Old Comical saw which way the waters ran in a moment, and calmly replied, "Well, well, a man may pick up a lie and no great harm done, I hope there's no offence, I hope there's no offence, your sign is as clean as a penny, your sign is as clean as a penny." "Clean! aye," quoth the landlady, "I should be glad to see the blackguard that dared to throw a bit of dirt upon it as big as a sixpence,

scorch

scorch my four quarters if I would not spoil the dog for the sign of a man! ladies forced out of our house, indeed! and we stand by and look on!—Scorch my arteries if I would not stick a spit into the first villain's body that said such a thing here!" "Come, come," quoth Old Comical, "let's have no more of this—bring us a bowl of half-and-half and put a toasted orange into it stuck with cloves and cinnamon—come, come, let's have no more of this—pipes and tobacco, some sawdust and a spitting kettle—let's have no more of this—let's have no more of this—no intention to set your petticoats on fire, my good lady hostess, no, no intention to set your petticoats on fire—mix the good stuff, mix the good stuff, let's have no more of this." "You are a little too hard upon the gentleman, Peg," quoth the landlord, and that shut her up. Old Comical held a bee in his bonnet, however, and had very little doubt which to believe

lieve, the landlord, the landlady, or Julia: Now it came to pass as he was sitting with all his tackle about him at the kitchen fire, in came the doctor who had attended Mrs. B. Decastro and George Grove: Old Comical knew his colour in a moment by an ivory pipe that stuck out of his breeches' pocket, and asked him to toast his nose, and take a glass of bead-proof with him. The doctor, upon this, cocked his organ, and took a glass of punch with Old Comical: after a puff or two, Old Comical and the doctor measured snouts together, and the doctor told his errand at the inn, but Old Comical smoked away and said very little. Presently the doctor observed that it was time to visit his patients, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, thanked Old Comical for his polite invitation and went up a staircase. He was scarce gone when Sir John Lamsbroke walked into the kitchen with his head bound in a handkerchief, and, seeing Old

Old Comical, "So, Master Mathers," said he, "what brought you here?" Old Comical stared with some little wonder at the sight of him, and said, his master's business brought him there.. "You seem surprized," said Sir John, "at seeing my head bound, but we have had Julia taken from us by force by some ruffians, and I received a severe wound in my attempts to rescue her: four fellows came upon us as we were walking in the town, in the dusk of the evening, forced her into a carriage and ran off with her; I instantly seized a horse that stood ready saddled at a door, and rode after them as fast as I could, overtook them, and attacked them single handed, but was soon knocked off my horse and left stunned on the road." At that moment Julia, who had got a supply of clothes out of her box, came into the kitchen to bring Old Comical to tell his story to George Grove, but, seeing her uncle, darted away as if she had seen

 a lion:

a lion: the sight of her threw Sir John Lamsbroke into some astonishment, and that was like enough, for she was the last person in the world he expected to see in that house—it threw him into something else too, viz. some small fear of getting contradicted in his story. Old Comical smoked his pipe and Sir John Lamsbroke too, at the same time, but held his tongue: yes, Old Comical was a wise man, for he knew when to hold his tongue: after drinking he would put a cork in his mouth to keep the liquor from taking air, and getting dead in his stomach. Curiosity, we suppose, may be put down amongst our appetites, Old Comical, for his part, however, felt very hungry for a little more news upon this matter, and went out a-gossipping for that purpose: he saw plainly, for he had his eyes in his head, that Julia could not be in two places at once, and this she must have been for her story and her uncle's to be both true:

there

there was little reason to suppose that her's could be false, for what could induce her to tell a lie? Old Comical therefore went out to beat for intelligence: now it will happen at times that the truth will be told out of spite; being in the inn yard, he saw the landlord give one of the ostlers a kick, it was just the thing he wanted, and he made the best of it while the iron was hot. "Is that the way the landlord pays his men their wages?" quoth Old Comical to the fellow. "The devil take him," said the ostler, rubbing his bottom, "I have a mind to blow him, we had a young lady carried out of the house last night, and have been all of us paid to keep the secret." "Oh," said Old Comical, "she came with Sir John and another lady and gentleman, that's no news to me." "Yes," said the fellow, "and went away with Sir John, for he and my master, and two others, forced her into a carriage and went off

 with

with her." "Step this way," quoth Old Comical. "No," said the fellow, "I mean to step another;" and ran out of the inn yard in a moment. Old Comical could run as well as he, having had some practice in running, he followed the fellow like smoke, stuck to him like a leech, and drew the following particulars out of him: that Sir John, though he had been foiled, was determined not to give the matter up, and was, at that moment, preparing matters for a second attempt: he loved Sir John as well as he did his master, he said, but was afraid he should never see both of them hanged in the same day, it were too much fun ever to come to his share, he had done nothing to deserve such a holiday as that. Upon which the fellow tied up both Sir John and the landlord in one hearty curse, and, making a furious plunge, broke away from Old Comical leaving part of his jacket in his hands, turning a corner he was out of sight

in a moment. Now amongst other parts of the said jacket the fellow had left one pocket with Old Comical in which he found the following note.

To Sir Harry St. Clair, Bart.

Dear Harry,

Get out of town directly, and have your carriage ready at the wood side close by Denham's barn : we shall have her now : she's come back to the inn : I can't tell you more at present : we gave up the pursuit on our road—the carriage we heard go off was only a returned post-chaise, we overtook it at the first town, it contained nothing but a farmer who had a pig wrapped up in a cloth, which was the white thing you saw put into it : no other carriage passed the turnpikes between the hours of one and four.—To your post, Harry.

Yours ever,

John Lamsbroke.

Poor Julia was still surrounded by Sir John and his gang, who were upon a sharp look-out for another opportunity to accomplish their purpose: but Old Comical smelt a rat. It will not be much amiss in this place just to state the situation of the parties:— John Mathers, alias Old Comical, had now found out that Sir John Lamsbroke was the man who took Julia away, and, by the bottle which contained some laudanum being found in the room where George Grove and Mrs. B. Decastro lay asleep, readily suspected that he had stupified them with an opiate to carry his design upon Julia, and in these conclusions the doctor, who was an honest man notwithstanding he was an apothecary, agreed: and surely the way to the said conclusions lay all down hill: Old Comical, who had heard of the terrible quarrel between Old Crab and Sir John, was not much at a loss neither to find a reason for such a revenge, and Sir John

John forelaid his ground very well to escape a discovery; but when the devil tempts a man to commit a great sin, he cannot be satisfied, and be hanged to him, without bringing him to shame in the very upshot of all his glory, but this is not acting like a gentleman. Now in regard to Sir John himself, he was bent upon his design, and, as he had found Julia, had every reason to expect, with the help of some grave and pious people of his acquaintance, who at this moment beset the house where she was, that he should certainly carry it on a second attempt. He found, upon inquiry, that Old Comical was the man who brought Julia back to the inn, and fell to question him upon the matter; but Old Comical told him such a confused story that Sir John took it for granted that he must have been drunk when he first got hold of Julia: for Old Comical's memory was sadly perplexed upon the matter, and he talked about

houses on fire, thunder, lightning, murder, and the devil: at last Sir John was e'en forced to give the matter up, for he could get nothing but confusion out of him: but as he did not even then seem to be sober, Sir John expected that the lie he had told him would be forgotten, and took courage upon it to tell Julia's mother and husband another; he expressed his sorrow at what had happened, and great joy at the safety of Julia, showed the wound, and he took off the bandage on purpose, which, he said, he had received in an attempt to rescue her, and from the effects of which he was carried senseless into a house in the neighbourhood, where he lay some hours before he came to himself; to the truth of which he brought in one, who said he was the owner of the house, to swear, and that the man did in the most solemn manner; Sir John went on to say, that he was that moment come to the inn, the first moment his surgeon

surgeon would let him stir, and a surgeon, or one who called himself so, was called in to attest it; that he had sent people in every direction to recover Julia: that one of the waiters, who was sent out of the way, had absconded from the inn, who was no doubt the rascal employed by these ravishers to put some intoxicating drug into the wine, or other liquors, which George and Julia's mother had partaken of, and he begged leave to call to the recollection of the parties that George and Julia's mother alone had drank white wine at dinner and after it. Having said this, and much more to the same purpose, he assured them that he had procured four stout men well armed to attend the carriage, and that now they might proceed on their journey to Lamsbroke Park in perfect security. Old Comical, who held an ear at a keyhole, took an opportunity to give the parties a hint,

and

and they put Sir John into a sort of fool's paradise; whatever he said was believed, and whatever he proposed was agreed to. The party put themselves under Old Comical's direction, who was sober to nobody but George, Julia, and Mrs. B. Decastro. Old Comical knew how to bite a man, he was an old dog at that. George Grove asked Sir John how he could write a note from Mr. Pitman's, when, by his account, he had never been there? Sir John said, being determined to go there, he had written the note at the inn, before he went out; he then related what he did to rescue Julia, when he received the wound on his head which stunned him, and left him senseless. Julia acted her part pretty well, but trembled sadly, at times, especially when her uncle came into the room and began to question her upon what had happened, but that might very

well

well be attributed to the terrible subject of those questions, and Sir John seemed willing enough to do so: Julia begged to be excused coming to particulars until she had recovered from the shock which so dreadful an affair must very naturally be supposed to have given her, and hoped her uncle would be content, at present, to know, that she had received no other injury than a terrible fright: when her mind grew a little calm she promised to satisfy him in every thing, and added that she was sorry he had received any injury on her account: perhaps she told a fib, but when one is in a great flutter one scarcely knows what one says. Great philosophers hold that a man never likes a knock on the head, more especially one that brings him covered with blood to the ground, now Sir John was a philosopher of this sect, who had received a blow on his pate as hard as Old Comical could strike it for his heart, that cut him

open

open and set him a-bleeding like a pig, and he felt a strange surmise that Old Comical was the man whose fist it was that gave the blow, or, in other words, that he had received the blow at his hand: now there are some gifts which a man of generosity wishes to return, a knock of the pate is one; "John," said he to Old Comical, "we shall go presently, will you make one with us to guard the ladies?" "I am on my master's business," said he, staggering about. "How long shall you stay in this town John?" said the baronet. "I shall stay in it till I leave it," quoth Old Comical. "Thou'rt an odd fish," rejoined the baronet, "and I should be glad to do thee a good turn for bringing off my beautiful niece so cleverly." "I will take care to put myself in your way," quoth Old Comical, "the very first opportunity." Some man coming into the inn yard where this talk befel, took Sir John away with him, upon which Old Comical went into the sta-

ble

ble to look at his horse. Now there was a little crack in the stable door, which folks may think, if they please, was made on purpose, for through it Old Comical saw Sir John and the said man re-enter the yard and come both together into the corner where the stable formed an angle with another building. "There is no talking in the street," said Sir John, "it is market day, and the place full, come this way, here is a snug corner." Old Comical, hearing these words, stood close behind the door and inclined his ear, but unfortunately, and curious people are sometimes disappointed, a great part of their conversation was held in whispers, so that Old Comical could not pick out a word: at their parting, however, Sir John said aloud, "if any thing of importance occurs, send me a note from the Star." This was an inn in another part of the town which was occupied by one of Sir John's tenants, where he was quite as much at home

home as he was at the Crown, which was kept by an old servant who had married and settled in it, and was still very much at Sir John's service in any way he pleased. This little spark of intelligence aforesaid sat fire to a train in Old Comical's pate; he suspected some mischief to be a-brewing, and made the best of his way to the Star, where, by putting an ear to a keyhole, he got possession of the following particulars, viz. That as soon as Sir John Lamsbroke's carriage got into the midst of some wood that lay in its way to Lamsbroke Park, it was to be stopped by some men, between whom and Sir John's people a feigned battle would be fought, in which the latter were to be defeated, and Julia forced into another carriage set at hand for that purpose. Old Comical had now satisfied his curiosity, and it must have been a very unreasonable curiosity not to be satisfied with so much information; he thereupon took his ink-bottle

out

out of his pocket, and blacking his face and his hands, rushed immediately into the room amongst the conspirators, and shutting the room door, said, "Gentlemen! for heaven's sake take care of yourselves!—your plot is discovered!" "What plot d'ye mean, blackey?" said one, who had more presence of mind than the rest. "Gentlemen," quoth Old Comical, "you know not what risk I run—I cannot stay a moment—you mean to stop a gentleman's carriage?" "We do," said one, "however by the help of the devil you came to know it." "And take a beautiful girl out of it?"—they confessed this, and with much surprise: "You are discovered by an old servant of the young lady's father, who has begged for a troop of horse of the commanding officer in his neighbourhood; look well to yourselves, every man of you will be made prisoners." Upon which Old Comical darted out of the room in a moment, and left the

good

good folks to digest the news at their leisure. He then washed his face and hands, and, calling for a bason of half-and-half, sat down on a bench at the inn door and smoked his pipe. It is wonderful how an unexpected piece of intelligence will turn a man's head! How small a blow will knock a man down when he is off his guard!—The conspirators were thunderstruck at this communication, but one, who came the soonest to his senses, ran out to see if he could find the black, in order to examine him further, and give him some reward for his services. Now the first man he, who ran out, saw, was Old Comical smoking his pipe upon the bench at the door, and, his back being towards him, took it for granted, by the colour of his coat, that he had found the man he wanted. "Come this way, blackey," said he, and touched him on the shoulder. "Blackey!" quoth Old Comical, turning his head round, "that's neither my name nor

my

my colour."—" You saw a black man pass this way?"—" No," quoth Old Comical. " You saw some man pass this?"—" No," quoth Old Comical. " Did you ever tell a lie?" " No," quoth Old Comical, " I don't know what a lie is, though I heard my mother say one morning to one of her maids, ' It is a lie, you slut!" and asked her what a lie was, but she would not tell me; she always kept the thing a secret from me,--the worse luck was mine,—for I have heard it said that a lie is a thing folks get rich by.—Heaven bless your honour! Pray tell me what it is, that I may tell lies and fill my pockets." " This is some fool," said the other, and ran back into the house to look for a black-a-moor. Now Sir John, it seems, was gone to prepare matters at a distance, and did not return for an hour, when he saw his coach drawn up, according to his order, at the inn door, but was a little surprised further to see it driven off at full gallop

gallop before he could come up to it. Now, as his servants were not with it, he took it into his head that the drivers had a mind to take a flourish to move their horses, and meant to return presently: he was soon undeceived, however, when he saw them hold on for half a mile at the same rate of travelling, and then, turning a corner, vanish out of his sight. Upon which he pushed on in some haste, to get to the Crown, in order to dispatch his servants after it, for he felt very much like a man that was left behind. The moment he turned his person round Old Comical met him, with his face and hands blacked as before, and, putting a note into his hand, asked him six-pence for the carriage of it. "Whence comes this?" said he. "From the Star, and may it please your honour," pulling off his hat and his wig, exhibiting his bald pate blacked all over. Sir John opened the note in a great bustle, and read as follows.

SIR JOHN,

COME to the landlord of the Star inn immediately; he has a matter of the utmost danger and importance to communicate: we have charged him to answer no questions until you shew him this note; it is not written in any hand which you know for very important reasons. The landlord of the Star will know my signature; shew him that and he will answer all questions.

R. B. Z. L.

When Sir John had read this note, and he seldom had read a note in a greater hurry, he put six-pence into Old Comical's hat and wig, held ready for charity, and made the best of his way to the Star, without ever stopping at the Crown in his way to send his servants after his carriage: and he had lost his labour if he had, for Old Comical had disposed of them in a manner soon to be explained if the writer does not do, as he very likely has done before,

fore, forget what he ought to remember. Sir John, coming into the Star, called for the landlord in a loud voice.—" My husband," quoth the landlady, sitting with much composure mending a pair of breeches, " is gone twenty miles this morning, to buy a bargain in the brandy line, Sir John, what might your honour want?"—" Want!" quoth he, swearing like a prince, " why, I want your husband this moment upon the most important business;" upon which he stamped upon the floor until his money rattled in his pockets. Old Comical, who followed him close at his heels, put another note into his hands, which contained the following words, viz.

Sir John,

The landlord at the Crown wants to speak with you this moment, upon a business wherein his life and your own are concerned: come this moment.

Your humble servant to command,

A Friend.

Away

Away went Sir John back to the Crown, which was at least a quarter of a mile off, as fast as he could get his legs to carry him, scarcely knowing whether he went upon his head or his heels, and coming in asked, with all the breath which he had left, where the landlord was; upon which one, who stood by, said, "He was that moment gone to the Star inn, it might be to look for him."—Tacking about to go back to the Star, Old Comical met him again with another note, the words which it contained were as follows:

SIR JOHN,

Come to us at the Crooked Billet: we are all discovered: we dare as well eat our heads as show them at the Star; go not near that house as you value your life; one has written this for us, for we dare not so much as show our hands upon paper. Make haste.—

"Why, where the devil do you pick up

all these notes, you black rascal?" said Sir John to Old Comical. "Dick is turned out," quoth Old Comical, "and I have just got the postman's place, and it may please your honour."—Sir John's head, and it was no wonder, by this time ran round upon his shoulders, and, acted upon like a planet by three forces, it were no wonder if he had run round too. He was conscious enough, of course, of the bad business he was upon; and, conceiving himself to be in the midst of dangers, trembled from head to foot. At this time a post-chaise came into the yard with Watkins, the landlord of the Nag's Head, between two constables, against whom Old Comical had laid an information, and he was welcome in that town, for he was an old acquaintance of all the magistrates, one of whom had readily enough taken Old Comical's information: seeing Watkins, Sir John fell into a worse pucker than before, and walked into a stable to conceal his emotion:

looked at that house, John, many a time and cried like a child." "More fool you," quoth Old Comical; "I have looked at it and cried like a man." "Master Acerbus, they say," rejoined the ferryman, "is still at the University, pale and thin with grief." "That's no wonder," quoth Old Comical, "I never knew a philosopher that was not a great fool; one of the wisest told people that he was one, for fear they should not find it out; or for fear they should." "Poor Madam Genevieve!" quoth the ferryman, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket, "that such a beautiful woman, upon such a day—upon her wedding-day—O John, John, she has left a sore place in every heart that knew her!" "Sore places and sour faces don't suit me," quoth Old Comical; "put the boat ashore and give us a pot of your best stingo, old cock-a-doodle. How long is it since Sir John's carriage came over?" "Three hours since," quoth the ferryman, "but what

is become of Sir John and the servants?" "They stay behind to take physic," quoth Old Comical; "they have foul insides." "What, you met them on the road?" "Yes, and it was my advice that they should stop and take physic for reasons aforesaid: they were all going to Lamsbroke Park, but the thing was not agreeable to my good will, pleasure and inclinations, so I put some to the edge of tincture of rhubarb, and sent the rest home again until further orders; I, myself, I did this, who am the greatest man in the world except one,—and he is old Susan Kinkerbottom with her thumbs growing out of her elbows;—what d'ye think of that, old cock-a-doodle?"

END OF VOL. III.

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